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SHAKSPER NOT SHAKESPEARE; *by W. H. Edwards, cloth; 12 mo. pp. 507, Cincinnati; Robert Clark & Co., $2.50.*

SHAKESPEARE SOCIETY OF PHILADELPHIA: *some remarks on Mr. W. H. Edwards' Shaksper not Shakespeare, by R. T. Ashhurst, paper, 8 vo. pp. 53, Philadelphia, The Skakespeare Society.*

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THE METHOD OF SHAKESPEARE AS AN ARTIST; *reduced from an Analysis of his Leading Tragedies and Comedies, by Henry J. Ruggles. Royal 12 mo. pp. 536, Boston, Houghton Mifflin & Co.; $3.00.*

Said Dr. Johnson: "He who will determine against that which he knows, because there may be something which he knows not; he that can set hypothetical possibility against acknowledged certainty, is not to be admitted among reasonable beings."

Shakespearean students everywhere are simply deluged with Baconian literature. The Sunday school tract is less in evidence. The proselyting zeal of your true Baconian knows no bounds, and has scarcely been equaled since the days of the early Christian martyrs. We have no hope of converting the confirmed inhaler of Baconian drugs. We have no physic to administer to him. Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe" shows that the belief in ghosts and witches, after withstanding argument and reason for generation after generation, simply faded out of existence before the growth and spirit of general knowledge. As Topsy was not born but simply grew; so mental aberations and delusions are not killed, they simply die. Such we apprehend will be the fate of the Baconian theory. But not for some years yet!

Though Mr. Edwards' "Shaksper not Shakespeare" has been before the reading public nearly, if not quite, two years, the reviewers are still busy with it. Perhaps it has received its most elaborate consideration at the hands of Mr. R. L. Ashhurst, in a paper read before the Shakespeare Society of Philadelphia, and recently published by the Society. Mr. Ashhurst's criticism while displaying learned and critical ability, is prolix, and of very unequal merit, a large part of it being devoted to a refutation of propositions, which, though vigorously maintained by Edwards, have little or no tendency to prove his main Q. E. D. In April 1884, Mr. W. H. Wyman published his "Bibliography of the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy," and classified ~~225~~ books, pamphlets and minor articles that had been written in that debate. Since that time, it is safe to say, the list has been more than sextupled and the end is not yet. Indeed the literature on

the subject is on the increase, though, with the public at large, comparatively little interest appears to have been enlisted. Probably this is because the Baconians have, with all the undoubted labor expended, produced so little real evidence in support of their theory. Of positive evidence they offer none, unless the parallelisms be considered such; it is all of a negative character—that Shakespeare was born in a "bookless neighborhood," of an illiterate family, that he had no opportunity to acquirethe information shown in the plays, nor the social advantages necessary to enable him to portray the habits and customs of the court and the nobility, etc., etc. Surely if any light can be thrown upon the private life of the world's greatest author it must be of interest to the world, but it must first be known with certainty who the author was. The question we often hear, "What difference can it make who was the author so long as we have the work?" can be asked only by shallow and thoughtless persons.

Dr. Nisbet, in his "Insanity of Genius," finds that the known facts in regard to the family of Shakespeare support his theory, and correspond with the history of other families which have given the world men of genius. But, alas, we know so little of the author of the plays: and I repeat, the Baconians have not increased our store of knowledge.

The burden of Edwards' bulky volume may be summed up in the sentence where he states (p. 70,) "I agree with Mr. Reed, who says: 'It is evident that Shakespeare was a favorite nom de plume with the dramatic wits of the age!" Page after page, aye scores upon scores of pages are devoted to labored effort to prove this proposition. This the reader of the plays cannot accept: it is absolutely beyond the pale of credibility. Of course no student of the Elizabethan age and literature now believes that Shakespeare wrote every line or stage direction, or even every scene or act, of the plays published as his. The diary kept by Philip Henslowe shows that he (Henslowe) purchased outright the plays represented at his theatres, and from time to time paid poets, who were not the original authors, for "new additions" to them. Doubtless, if the similar accounts for the Globe and Blackfriars kept by John Heminge (and he distinctly states in his Will that he kept such accounts) shall ever be found, they will show the sums received by Shakespeare for rewriting and making "new additions" to the plays which now bear his name. As to who or how many wrote the original ground-work of these plays, whether the im-

mortal bard retained only a few lines or whole scenes or acts, only the literary faddists can stop to inquire. As well ask who made the canvas upon which Rembrandt painted, or whence came the marble in which Michelangelo worked. Such inquiries can be of no interest to mankind in general. It is the genius who breathed into the work the breath of life that we would know about. Barring Titus Andronicus, and perhaps Pericles, though the hands of many may be observed, about one voice there is no uncertainty; the stamp of one genius is impressed upon all the plays. If Hume's definition of a miracle be correct, that it is something contrary to human experience, then Christ himself is almost as great a miracle as his raising the dead. The world has not seen, and in all human probability will never see, another character such as His. It stands unique in human experience. In this sense the author of the Shakespearean dramas is also a miracle. There is but one Christ, there has been but one Shakespeare. Ruskin, on being asked by a young artist whose work he praised, whether he could ever hope to equal Turner, replied, "You can more reasonably hope to be Czar of all the Russians; for a new Czar is created about every forty years, but a Turner is born about every 500 years." To imagine that within the same period of twenty years there lived in the same country two or more men capable of producing the Shakespearean dramas is to imagine a miracle. Old Father Time in the three thousand years he has marked men's literary productions on earth has noted but one Shakespeare. It is incredible that,

> "A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,
> The graves stood tenantless and the sheeted dead
> Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets,"

and it is almost equally incredible that there were or could have been a half dozen or more Shakespeares walking the streets of London at the same time. As we accept the axioms of Euclid as self-evident and ask no proof, we must accept the fact that there was but one Shakespeare. This is axiomatic.

In discussing the authorship of "Shakespeare" the following propositions are accordingly assumed as truths which no man can doubt or deny.

First. That in the Elizabethan age certain plays and poems were written and published, the authorship of which was ascribed to one William Shakespeare.

Second. That a man bearing that name who had been born in

Stratford-upon-Avon, was, at the time that these plays appeared, an actor in London, and that history has no knowledge of any other person then living who bore that name.

Third. That either this actor was himself the author, or some other person used his name as a nom de plume. Now, if the latter hypothesis be assumed, either the real author took the name William Shakespeare simply as a fanciful pseudonym, or he took the name of the actor with the purpose and design of hiding his own identity and having the world believe that the actor was also the author. But the *accidental* assumption by anyone of the name of a well-known actor and theatrical proprietor as a pseudonym under which to publish plays would be a coincidence so remarkable and so highly improbable that we need not discuss it.

We may conclude then, that either the actor was the real author, or that some other person used his name as a nom de plume with his knowledge and consent, and we must conclude further, that if the real author desired to keep his identity concealed and palm these works off on the public as the works of William Shakespeare, the actor, then this actor, in the opinion of the real author, had sufficient education, knowledge and ability to render his authorship not an impossible or improbable event. If, as the Baconians assert, the actor was an illiterate booby who could scarcely write his own name, no sensible man would select him as a suitable person in whose name the immortal Shakespearean works could be foisted on an unsuspecting public. In such case the imposture would be manifest. And we will be safe also in the further conclusion that the actors, the dramatists, and all persons conversant with theatrical matters—in short, all people who were acquainted with the rich actor from Stratford, agreed with the assumed real author that the natural ability and literary attainments of the said actor were not inconsistent with his authorship. If this reasoning be sound, then we are necessarily drawn to the final conclusion that the literary attainments of William Shakespeare of Stratford, actor, and in part proprietor of theatres in London, were, in fact and truth, not inconsistent with his authorship of the immortal works which bear his name. If they were a literary imposture, the cheat was carried out with complete success. His contemporaries were a credulous lot; they certainly believed that the actor was also the dramatist.

The Baconians lay great stress upon the fact that comparatively

few references to the personality of Shakespeare are found in the literature of the period notwithstanding the fact that both the plays and the poems were very popular. Truly, viewing Shakespeare as the colossal genius the world now regards him to have been, we must consider this remarkable; but how far more remarkable would it be had the people of that age regarded "William Shakespeare" as a mere literary pseudonym and yet had not commented on this fact—had made no reference to it, had made no effort to discover the author!

The most prominent facts upon which the Baconians base their argument against the prima facie case in favor of Shakespeare may be briefly stated:

First. They say there is no proof (and special emphasis is laid on the word "proof") that Shakespeare had any education whatever, or that he ever attended school for a single day. They admit there was a free Grammar School in Stratford, and that, during his childhood and early youth, his father was one of the most prominent men in town. Now, pray, if John Shakespeare's son did not attend that school, what class of boys did attend it?

We are next told that Shakespeare was a usurer, a money gatherer, and that these things are inconsistent with literary genius in general, and especially with the lofty spirit manifested in the plays. But assuming that he was a usurer, the argument from "inconsistency," is certainly entitled to very little weight. Men do not always practice what they preach; they may counsel liberality and practice parsimony! An author's writing may inculcate the highest morality, and his private life exhibit the lowest. But that Shakespeare was in private life a usurer is by no means established. The conclusion is drawn from a few (at most three) cases where he brought suits to recover small sums of money. Every one knows the unreliability of general deductions in regard to human character based upon isolated specific acts. Special circumstances fully justifying these acts may have been present in each case. We believe he made money and became rich because deeds and records recite that he paid large sums of money for certain pieces of property. Every lawyer knows that recitals of this kind are only presumptive, and not conclusive, evidence of their truth. This rule of law is reasonable and is based on the experience of man's business dealings. But in the same way the statement of title-pages as to the authorship of books must be accepted as prima facie true. Doubtless from the well-known fact that man is more careful about

money matters than about anything else; and, as grantor, is unlikely to acknowledge the receipt of purchase money which he has not in fact received, or as grantee, to allow another name than his own to be inserted in a deed, such statements in deeds are entitled to rather more weight than statements upon title-pages; still, a prima facie character pertains to both; the presumptive truth of such statements must, in either case, be overcome by proof. The Baconians accept the statements of deeds and of court records as conclusive, and make no question as to the identity of the William Shakespeare there mentioned with the actor from Stratford, but they attach absolutely no weight to the title pages. We are then gravely informed that, though nearly every writer of the age who refers to contemporary poets includes William Shakespeare in the list, he does not state that he means the son of John Shakespeare of Stratford. But why should this be stated? Was there any doubt about the matter? When they refer to Edmund Spencer, Ben Jonson, Marlowe, Beaumont, Fletcher and the others, do they think it necessary to explain more certainly whom they mean by stating when and where these authors were born, and whose sons they were?

The Baconians make a great to-do about the knowledge of law and medicine manifested in the plays; but they ignore the fact that Shakespeare had for a son-in-law Dr. John Hall, an eminent physician of the times. His knowledge of these sciences, however, is a mere assumption of the critics, based on his frequent use of medical and legal terminology, which, in fact, indicate no real knowledge. The author of the plays attended a feast of science and stole the scraps. That his acquaintance with law was limited to legal terms and phrases, and that he was in reality totally ignorant of law has been recently and (to the writer of this review) conclusively shown by Judge Allen in the work now under cognate review; also, "In Re Shakespeare's Legal Acquirements." The Shakespeare Press, 1899.

But they say Shakespeare had no library, and made no mention of his writings or manuscripts in his will. This signifies nothing. So far as known to posterity the other dramatists of the period had no libraries, and they certainly did not bequeath their manuscripts as precious relics. The truth is, that the Elizabethan dramatists did not own their own writings, they were written to be represented on the stage and were sold to the theatrical managers. A play that was not accepted was not published; it was a complete failure.

Doubtless there were exceptions; but this was the rule. Moreover, neither these dramatists themselves nor any class of the public, regarded dramatic writings as serious literary productions. Ben Jonson was ridiculed for affixing to an edition of his dramas the pompous title of "works." They were regarded as "plays" written and acted for the amusement of the public, having only an ephemeral interest and value. Spencer's Faerie Queen would live through the ages; but as the public then soon tired of old plays and continually demanded new ones, so the public of the future would do the same. Such was the opinion of the Elizabethan age.

Finally we are told that Shakespeare's social position and his status as a professional actor, made him "a vagabond by statute," rendered it impossible for him to associate or become acquainted with the higher grades of society, and that, therefore, the actor could not have portrayed the habits and customs of kings and nobles as the author did. These statements are as misleading as the others. Statutes do not always reflect public opinion or indicate actual conditions. If they did, we would believe that intoxicating liquors can not be had in the prohibition States of Maine and Kansas. But, as Dr. Doran says, "The celebrated statute of 1572 does not declare players to be 'rogues and vagabonds.' It simply threatens to treat as such, all acting companies who presume to set up their stage without the license of 'two justices of the peace' at least. This was rather to protect the art than to insult the artists; and a few years subsequent to the publication of this statute, Elizabeth granted the first royal patent conceded in England to actors—that of 1576. By this authority Lord Leicester's servants were empowered to produce such plays as seemed good to them, 'as well' says the Queen, 'for the recreation of our loving subjects as for our solace and pleasure, when we shall think good to see them! Sovereign could scarcely pay a more graceful compliment to poet or to actor." (Annals of the State, Vol. 1, p. 22.) The Queen indeed was a great patron of the stage. In the language of Chambers, "What Augustus said of Rome, may be remarked of Elizabeth and the Stage, that she found it brick and left it marble." (An apology for Believers, etc., p. 353, London, 1797.) On one occasion she was so pleased with an actor that she ordered an annual pension of £20 to be paid to him. The office of the "Master of the Revels" was established in 1546, and was retained during the reigns of Elizabeth and James. The amounts that these two monarchs spent upon theatrical representations are simply

apalling to the modern mind. Indeed if Elizabeth herself did not actually take part in theatrical representations, her successor, Queen Anne, wife of James the First, certainly did. "She was both actress and manager," says Dr. Doran (Vol. 1, page 23) "in the masques performed at court, the expenses of which exceeded, indeed were ordered not to be limited to, £1000." Warton, in his History of English Poetry (Vol. 3, page 227, n. a.) gives an extended account of her performances. "Who hath not heard of Sir Francis Walsingham, an eminent Councellour in Queen Elizabeth's time, famous for his wisdom in matters of State, and more for his piety in advancing the Gospel? Yet this was the man who procured the Queen to entertain players for her Servants; and to give them wages as in a just vocation. And would he ever have done this, being so religious a man, if he had thought the plays profane; being so great a statesman, if inconvenient to the State? And now, methinks, I have said enough in defence of plays." (Theatrum Redivivum by Sir Richard Baker, 1662.) The Court set the fashion; all classes of society followed it. Theatrical representations were continually given at the universities, at the smaller schools, at the Inns of Court, and at the private houses of great families. Schlegll in his History of Dramatic Literature, p. 449 (Bohn's Library) says, "The predilection for the theatre was so great, that in a period of sixty years during this, Elizabeth's, and the following reign, seventeen play houses were built or fitted up in London." Chambers, in the work above cited, enumerates, p. 392, fifteen licensed companies of actors. It has been estimated that not one in fifty of the plays of the Elizabethan period has come down to us. If so, thousands must have been written, for some hundreds have survived. Drake in his monumental work "Shakespeare and His Times," p. 328, gives a list of one hundred and sixty-six "minor poets," nearly all of whom wrote plays, who flourished during the age of Shakespeare. The theatre was the "rage;" and while, undoubtedly, the dramatic author was not then held in the esteem he is to-day, nevertheless it is certain that it was not a disgrace to be known as the author of plays. Doctors of divinity and of medicine, the bar and the bench, the peer and the artizan were all represented among the dramatic poets. Neither was the actor such an inferior personage. Most of the professional dramatists were also actors. The fact that Ben Jonson, the son of a brick-layer, was an actor, certainly did not prevent him from being on terms of social intimacy with persons in high position. These actors frequent-

ly appeared before the court, and in the houses of the nobility, and this necessarily brought about some sort of personal acquaintance, especially in cases where these actors were also the authors of the plays produced. This fact also explains how Shakespeare acquired his knowledge of the customs of the court and the nobility. It is said that the French prestidigitator Houdin could pass through a room containing a large library, and after one glance around could repeat the titles of all the books and tell their relative positions on the shelves. Could the greatest portrayer of human nature that has ever lived have appeared many times as an actor at the court and at private houses, without learning something about the habits and customs of his audiences? It may be added, that, if it is regarded as strange how Shakespeare acquired his knowledge of the customs of the higher grades of society, the same puzzle is presented in regard to most of the other professional dramatists of the period, a majority of whom were from very humble walks of life.

Besides following the "syndicate theory" of authorship, Mr. Edwards differs from the Baconians in another particular. He thinks the plays were written for "posterity" and for "private reading." The internal evidence of the plays themselves affords a complete answer to these propositions. Besides, the First Folio contains a list of actors (embracing a large number of the chief performers of the time,) who assisted in their production, and many of the plays as therein published were manifestly printed from the actor's copy, the names of the actors, through carelessness on the part of the printers, being sometimes given instead of the *dramatis personae*.

A word as to Bacon. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that Bacon's chief fame to-day rests upon the theory of his having had some connection with Shakespearerian dramas. Perhaps there are not a dozen persons living, outside of professed Baconians searching for "parallelisms," who can boast of having read his philosophical works. Dr. Jno. W. Draper voices the opinion that has always been entertained by scientists and philosophers when he states (Conflict Between Religion and Science, p. 233,) "In Christian Europe there had not been a cultivator of mechanical philosophy until Leonardo da Vinci, who was born A. D. 1452. To him, and not to Lord Bacon, must be attributed the ranaissance of science. Bacon was not only ignorant of mathematics but deprecated its application to physical inquiries. He contemptously rejected the Corpernican system, alleging absurd objections to it.

While Galileo was on the brink of his telescopic discoveries, Bacon was publishing doubts as to the utility of instruments of scientific investigations. To inscribe the inductive method to him is to ignore history. His fanciful philosophical suggestions have never been of the slightest practical use. No one has ever thought of employing them. Except among English readers his name is almost unknown." See also *passim* "The Intellectual Development of Europe" by the same author. Lecky, in his "Rationalism in Europe," vol. 1, p. 292, n., says, "The age of Bacon was certainly not as benighted and ignorant on scientific matters as he always represented it. On the contrary, when we remember that it was the age of Corpernicus, Galileo, Tycho Brahe, Kepler and Gilbert, it would be difficult to name one that was more distinguished. A large portion of the scientific revival in Europe may be justly ascribed to these great men; and the only apology that can be ofered for the representation of Bacon,is, that, notwithstanding his great genius, he was totally unable to grasp their discoveries. The Copernican system—the greatest discovery of the age—he rejected to the last. The important discoveries of Gilbert about the magnet, he treated not only with incredulity, but with the most arrogant contempt." "Lord Bacon, who flounders like a stranded leviathan when he seeks to explore the coasts of physical science, suggests that toads comes from the corruption of water mixed with mud; to 'old snow' he attributes the generatian of those red larvae or 'worms' which are yet believed by the unlearned to have 'snowed down.'" He believed a lady had "relieved him of warts by rubbing them with a rind of pork, which was then hung up, fat side to the sun, to waste vicariously away, carrying his warts into non-existance with it." ("The Transit of Civilization," Edward Eggleston. D. Appleton & Co., 1901.)

Lord Bacon, while undoubtedly a great man, was not a genius; his was not the mind to intutively perceive truth as soon as it is presented; he could not "look into the seeds of time, and say which grain will grow and which will not." He who asserts that Bacon could have been the author of Shakespearerian dramas is prima facia under almost as great a burden to prove it, as he who ascribes their authorship to William Shakespeare of whose education we have no positive knowledge, and who we know was the son of illiterate parents and was born in a bookless neighborhood.

The positive evidence that Shakespeare was the author of the plays and poems which bear his name is ample.

First. We have the testimony of the editors of the First Folio; of all those who prefixed thereto commendatory verses; and, of all the "Principal Actors in all these Plays" whose names are there given, and who therefore acquiescent witnesses of the facts stated by the editors.

Heminge and Condell, the editors, were jointly interested with Shakespeare in the Globe theatre, and were his closest personal friends, to whom he left legacies in his will. They announce that they collected the plays for publication, "without ambition either of self-profit or fame; only to keep the memory of so worthy a friend and fellow alive, as was our Shakespeare," that the plays are published "absolute in their numbers as he (Shakespeare) conceived them, who, as he was a happy imitator of nature was a most gentle expresser of it. His mind and hand went together; and what he thought, he uttered with that easiness, that we have scarce received a blot in his papers." Our friend, Mr. Edwards, disposes of this testimony of Heminge and Condell in a very summary manner. They are "self-convicted liars," and unworthy of belief, because, forsooth, they state that they received the manuscripts with scarcely a blot, and published them "absolute in their numbers!" It may well be admitted that their language is exaggerated; that they don't state the literal truth. But if the extravagant language of eulogy over a departed friend stamps every man who uses it as a liar, then we must agree with the prophet that "all men are liars." According to Edwards, Jonson was also a liar, and moreover, he says, Jonson was paid to write his noble tribute to the "Sweet Swan of Avon." This same discovery of Edwards about the purchase or bribery of these witnesses is regarded as also sufficient to dispose of Leonard Digges, Hugh Holland, and "I. M." (the lines signed with these initials are supposed to have been written by John Marston or Jasper Mayne) whose testimony as to Shakespeare's title to the authorship is equally conclusive with that of Heminge and Condell and Jonson. Jonson's remarks to Drummond in 1619, and his memorandum in his Common-place book, though equally strong as testimony that Shakespeare was the author, are adverse criticisms; and not formal eulogies, and Edwards has not the hardihood to say that Jonson was paid in these instances also. Neither does he take the trouble to tell us whether the same bribe which induced the learned and accomplished Leonard Digges to give false testimony in 1623, still held good in 1640, when he again wrote commendatory verses which were prefixed to the edition of Shakespeare's poems published in that year. Or must we

believe that Digges was bribed a second time? Mr. Edward's tells us nothing about the writers of the ecomiums prefixed to the second Folio of 1632; but he doubtless considers them also bribed and purjured witnesses.

In 1622 William Basse wrote the following;

"On Mr. William Shakespeare, he died in April, 1616.

Renowned Spencer lye a thought more nye
To learned Chaucer, and rare Beaumont lye
A little nearer Spencer, to make roome
For Shakespeare in your threefold, fowerfold Tombe
To lodge all fowor in one bed make a shift
Vutil Doomesdaye, for hardly will a fift
Betwixt this day and that by Fate be flayne
For whom your curtaines may be drawn againe.
If your precedency in death doth barre
A fourth place in your sacred sepulchre
Under this carved marble of thine owne,
S leepe, rare Tragoedian Shakespeare, sleep alone,
Thy unmolested peace, unshared Cave
Possesse as Lord, not Tenant, of thy grave.
That to us and to others it may be
Honor hereafter to be layde by thee.

It is here distinctly affirmed that the William Shakespeare who died in 1616 was the dramatic poet. And yet Mr. Edwards quotes the last five lines beginning "Sleep, rare Tragoedian," and, omitting to quote the preceding lines, comments as follows: "Certainly there is no light here on the authorship of the plays. 'Tragedian' is the appellation of a tragic actor, (as *l. g.* the tragedian Booth.) There is no reason to suppose that Basse meant anything more than a compliment to the departed player." Mr. Edwards can hardly claim that his garbling here was unintentional. It is manifest that he deliberately intended to deceive his readers, for he refers to the very page of Ingleby's "Centurie of Prayse" where the full quotation as above given, is contained. Mr. Edwards also fails to perceive that his own comment belies the title of his book, since the name of the "player" from Stratford is spelled "Shakespeare" and not "Shaksper."

Third. We have the overwhelming testimony of Ben Jonson, not only given in the First Folio, but in his "Discoveries." He there says,

"I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blot ted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted out a thou sand. Which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance, who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by, wherein he most faulted; and to justify my own candor; for I love the man, and do honour his memory, on this side of idolitry, as much as any. He was (indeed) honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions and gentle expressions." Now who were these players who talked thus with Jonson? They were Shakespeare's as well as Jonson's daily companions. And of whom were they talking? Why, of the author of the plays, their fellow actor, who wrote with such extraordinary facility! Could testimony be more conclusive? And can we imgaine any persons then living who would be more conversant with the facts?

Suppose the question as to the authorship of these plays were to be answered after the manner of the Spiritualists by summoning witnesses from the dead, whose spirits would we wish called? Beyond all question we would say "call up Ben Jonson and the Players." Well, here we have their testimony written out by Ben Jonson in his Common-place book wherein he jotted down memoranda upon all sorts of subjects, and which was first published to the world after his death. Could they say it better if they came back from the shades?

Fourth. Robert Greene's often quoted complaint, "for there is an upstart crow, beautified with our feathers, that with his Tygers heart wrapped in a Player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bumbast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes fac totem, is, in his own conceit, the only Shake-scene in a countrie * * * * Seeke you better Maisters; for it is a pittie men of such rare witts, should be subject to the pleasures of such rude groomes." In effect, Greene says, "fellow dramatists, seek other masters, don't sell your works to the theatrical proprietor Shakespeare who re-writes them and issues them as his own, thus beautifying himself with our feathers." We noted above the fact that Henslowe's account books for his theatres (usually called his Diary) show his custom of continually having plays re-written by poets who were not the authors of the originals, and the probability that the same custom prevailed at the Globe and Blackfriars of which Heminge and Shakespeare were the chief proprietors,

and that for the plays owned by these theatres Shakespeare did the revising and re-writing. We think the Bankside parallilization of the Quartos and First Folios if scrutinized from this point of view will establish this. This subject is too broad a one to be investigated here. But Greene's statement must be accepted as a practical confirmation of our suggestion. As before observed, it makes little practical difference who were the authors of the original compositions which were purchased by the Globe or the Blockfriars management. This matter would be of interest only to those who look up "sources of the plots" and, were we possessed of the originals, they would have the same value for the student of Shakespeare as North's Plutarch or Holinshed's Chronicle and no other. It is of some interest, of course, to see the crude material upon which Shakespeare worked; but, after all, our interest is realy in him and in the work as finished by him. It is well enough to know about the marble quarry and the laborer working in it; but our admiration is reserved for the sculptor who impresses his genius upon the crude material, and erects out of it pillars and monuments of majesty or beauty.

Fifth. "The return from Parnassus," printed in 1606, enumerates (act 1. scene 2) a dozen or more of the principal contemporary poets, including William Shakespeare, as the author of "Adonis' Love" and "Lucre's rape" and in act 4, scene 2, Burbage and Kempe, the two most famous actors of the age, are introduced as instructors of the University students in the art of acting, and the following conversation takes place:

Bur. Now, Will Kemp, if we can entertain these scholars at a low rate, it will be well, they have oftentimes a good conceit in a part.

Kempe. It's true indeede, honest Dick, but the slaves are somewhat proud.

Bur. A little teaching will mend these faults, and it may bee besides they will be able to pen a part.

Kempe. Few of the University pen plaies well; they smell to much of that writer Ovid and that writer Metamorphasis and talk too much of Proserpina and Jupiter. Why here's our fellow Shakespeare puts them all down, I, and Ben Jonson, too. O that Ben Jonson is a pestilent fellow, he brought up Horace giving the poets a pill, but our fellow Shakespeare hath given him a purge that made him beray his credit.

Bur. It's a shrewd fellow indeed—

Our "fellow Shakespeare," our fellow actor, is a shrewd fellow; he can pen a part, and put all the University men down! Could testimony be more positive in its character, more conclusive in its effect?

The above are facts which we know. But the Baconians reject them because we do not know how Shakespeare acquired the knowledge necessary to enable him to be the author of such works! What we know is to them of no consequence! What we do not know is of supreme importance! In what other path of human investigation would such a dictum be tolerated for an instant?

Besides the facts tending directly to demonstrate Shakespeare's right to the authorship, (indeed may we not say, positively demonstrating it,) there is a great mass of evidence of a negative character almost equally strong in its probative effect. The dramatists of the Elizabethan period, while doubtless having some animosities and jealousies, were, as a rule, sincere admirers of one another. Frequently plays were produced which were the joint productions of three or more working together. Their complimentary allusions and addresses to one another are numerous. Among them all none is more often mentioned than Shakespeare. Can we imagine that all their compliments were addressed to a mere nom de plume? Or, if these grand plays which they admired so much, were the production of a stranger to this brotherly band of literary workers, would they not have made some reference to this "great unknown" whose name was in every one's mouth, and who yet was unknown to them? But the mighty temple of fame which they erected is dedicated to "William Shakespeare" and to no unknown god. Can any one read the hundred and twenty pages of contemporary eulogy collected in "The Centurie of Prayse" and believe it was all addressed to a literary pseudonym? Where all the dedi-

cations and addresses "Ad Gulielmum Shakespeare" to Master W. Shakespeare, and, above all, the frequent allusion to "Will" Shakespeare, references to a mere pen name and nothing more? In 1612, John Webster published his "White Devil" with an address "To the reader" in which occurs the following sentence, "Detraction is the sworn friend to ignorance; for mine own part, I have ever truly cherisht my good opinion of other men's worthy labours, especially of that full and heightened stile of Maister Chapman, the labor'd and understanding workes of Maister Johnson, the no less worthy composures of the both worthily excellent Maister Beaumont and Maister Fletcher; and lastly (without wrong last to be named,) the right happy and copious industry of M. Shake-speare, M. Decker, and M. Heywood, wishing what I write may be read by their light; protesting that in the strength of mine own judgment, I know them so worthy that though I rest silent in my own worke, yet to most of theirs," etc. Upon strict analysis Webster states here only that he knows the works or labors of these authors are "so worthy;" but we know from other sources of information that he was personally acquainted with Decker and Heywood, having written plays in conjunction with them; and the probability therefore is that he was also personally acquainted with Shakespeare, since he describes the three of them as having the same literary habits.

In 1615 Edmond Howes published Stowe's Annals, "Continued and augmented with matters forreyne and domestique, aincient and moderne, unto the end of this present year 1614," in which he says. "Our modern and present excellent poets, which worthily flourish in their owne workes, and all of them in my owne knowledge, lived together in this Queene's reigne; according to their prirorities, as near as I could I have orderly set downe viz:—"George Gascoigne, esquire—Sir Francis Bacon, knight—M. Willi Shakespeare, gentlemen," etc., etc., giving altogether twenty-seven authors. Certainly, in the opinion of this writer, Mr. Willi Shakespeare was a person, and not a literary nom de plume, and was a different person from Francis Bacon. Whether Howes means to say that of his "own knowledge" he was acquainted with these authors or merely with their works it is of course impossible to tell with certainty. But what difference does it make?

Shakespeare died in 1616. He was survived, say during a period of thirty-five years, by many contemporaries, fellow actors and dramatists who knew him well and who must certainly have known the truth in regard to the authorship of both plays and poems. During

this period two folio editions of his complete dramatic works and several quartos of his single plays were issued from London printing houses, and their authorship assigned to William Shakespeare of Stratford-on-Avon, and no whisper is detected to the contrary.

In 1620 John Taylor the "Water Poet," published his "Praise of Hemp-seed" in which occurs the following lines:

In paper, many a Poet now survives
Or else their lines had perished with their lives,
Old Chaucer, Gower and Sir Thomas More,
Sir Philip Sidney, who the Lawrell wore,
Spencer and Shakespeare did in art excell.
.....
.....
Forgetfulness their workes would over run
But that in paper they immortally
Doe live in spight of death, and cannot die.

Taylor here distinctly affirms that Shakespeare "the poet" was dead in 1620. Is it possible that he had in mind any other person than "the man of Stratford?"

The inscription on the tablet under Shakespeare's bust at Stratford affirms that he was an author. The bust was certainly there prior to 1623, and, though there is no positive evidence as to when the inscription was cut, in the absence of proof to the contrary, it is to be presumed that the usual course obtained in this case, and that the inscription was cut at the time the monument was erected. The rule of law that events will be presumed to have happened according to the usual course that obtains in reference to sueh events, is a sound one.

In 1643, Sir Richard Baker in his "Chronicle of the Kings" gave a list of the men of note of Elizabeth's time, saying "For writers of plays, and such as have been players themselves, William Shakespeare and Benjamin Jonson have especially left their names remembered to posterity."

About the same year or perhaps a little earlier, Thomas Fuller began collecting materials for his "Worthies of England." He probably met, certainly could have met and known, many who were well acquainted with Shakespeare. Had there at that time been any question as to the pseudonymous authorship for the plays he would undoubtedly have heard of it. But he evidently never did. Whether we accept literally his statement that he "beheld many wit-combits" be-

tween Shakespeare and Ben Jonson or not, makes little difference. Though he himslf was probably never present on such occasions. he at least believed from what he learned from others that such combats had taken place. Likewise all the other anecdotes that have come down to us connectiug Shakespeare with literature, whether they are true in their details or not, tend to prove that he was the author that the world believed him to be. Unless, indeed, we assume that these anecdotes were manufactured out of whole cloth in subsequent ages—but they antedate by a century at least the period of the literary forger, and, by nearly two centuries, this precious Bacon-Shakespeare controversy.

While there is room foı doubt as to whether the motto Non Sanz Droict ought justly to have been placed on John Shakespeare's coat of arms, there can be no doubt as to the justice of placing it upon the dramatic productions of William Shakespeare.

It remains that we should speak more particularly in regard to our author Mr. Edwards. We have already mentioned one instance (in his extract from Basse) of a garbled quotation. We are constrained to add that we have noticed one other case in which it seems clear that Mr. Edwards attempts to deceive, or at least give a false impression to his readers by a suppression of facts. He says "We read of Beaumont, Fletcher, Jonson, Seldon, Donne, Carew and others (frequenting the Mermaid Club,) but not of Shakespeare or Shaksper; nor is there any evidence of, or probability of, William Shaksper having had entrance to the Mermaid. His despised profession would cut him off from that companionship. As well might a tumbler, or Savoyard bear-ward, seek admittance to the Manhattan Club." Now Mr. Edwards certainly must have known, when he wrote this, that Jonson and Shakespeare were of the same profession, and that if this profession was of itself a bar in the one case it would be in the other.

Mr. Edwards devotes many pages to prove that the works of "William Shakespeare" were not highly esteemed by his contemporaries, delightfully unconscious that he is thus giving an explanation for the meagerness of the details concerning the poet's life which have come down to posterity. For surely it cannot be expected that people who care little about the author's works would trouble themselves greatly about his personality.

Our author makes much of Ben Jonson's statement to Drummond, in 1619, that Shakespeare "lacked art" and was ignorant of geography

in giving Bohemia a seacoast. But apparently he fails to perceive that Jonson was refering to Shakespeare as a poet and not as an actor; and not that this conversation tends to establish the fact that the poet and the actor were one and the same person. Likewise in reference to Jonson's remarks in his "Discoveries" (which we have above quoted at length) Edwards says that they refer to the player and not the author and that they are in effect a declaration that "Shaksper talked too much, and by his blundering and chattering made himself a laughing stock." But Jonson is not speaking of "too much talking" but of too heavy writing: he gives his opinion that Shakespeare ought to have polished up his compositions, and "blotted out a thousand lines." Again, Edwards thinks that Jonson refers to "Shaksper" as a "Poet-Ape," apparently being utterly oblivious of the necessary conclusion that "Shaksper" even if a "poet-ape," who ought to have blotted out so many of his lines, was nevertheless, by Mr. Edwards' own deductions, an author, even one of no great merit. Yet–later on his book–he devotes a whole chapter to proving that "Shaksper" could not write–even his own name! This remarkable inability to comprehend the necessary effect of his own argument is apparent throughout Mr. Edwards' whole book. On page 316 he states, "It is conceivable that survivors of the band of authors who had written between 1593 and 1698 under the common soubriquet of "William Shakespeare," who were living in 1623, were not unwilling to assist in the publication, though still concealing their authorship, *for the odium attached to play-writing was as great in 1623 as it had been a score of years before.*" (The italics are Edwards's,) and he is of the opinion that in order to more effectually conceal their identity this "band" or some other person or persons, paid Johnson, Digges, and the others to bear false witness as to the authorship! He feels confident, (p. 314) that in 1623 there was at hand some one "to point out unerringly what were the true Shakespearean plays." Afterwards, on page 357, he gives his adherence to the opinion of commentators who assert that the Folio of 1623 was published without any editorial supervision whatever! Consistency is not one of Mr. Edwards' strong points. One of his favorite methods of argument is to state that Richard Grant White or Halliwell-Phillipps "admits" or "concedes" so-and-so; and he then accepts this "admission" or "concession," as establishing the fact; but elsewhere he ridicules and abuses these same authors for making statements unsupported by evidence. In other words, wherever these "eminent Shakespearians" (to use Ed-

wards' own language,) "concede" or "admit" anything to suit Mr. Edwards' purposes, such concessions or admissions are entitled to the effect of judicial decisions; but in all other cases, the opinions of these authors are absolutely worthless!

In conclusion we may say that "Shaksper not Shakespeare" while clearly indicating the expenditure of much time, labor and money in its composition and preparation for the press, will not bear the test of a careful reading.

W. C. Devecmon.

OPENING A NEW PARALLEL BEFORE SHAKESPEAREAN RAMPARTS.

The Biliteral Cypher of Sir Francis Bacon: Discovered in His Works and Deciphered by Mrs. Elizabeth Welles Gallup. Third Edition, Detroit, Howard Publishing Company; London, Gay & Bird.

It is written, that once upon a time when the great Caliph Mustapha sat squatting on the sacred carpet, a messenger prostrated himself before the carpet and said, "Great and illustrious Caliph. Thy vile dog of a servant brings tidings that thy enemy Mesrour with his vast army, thunders at thy city's outer gates," "Let him instantly be boiled in oil: let his captains be bastinadoed continuously for thirty moons, day and night, and their heads thereafter be cut off and thrown to the dogs, and let every mother's son of the soldiery be put to the sword, before the rising of the moon," said the great Caliph. "It is done, O Brother of the Sun and Moon," said the messenger, crawling backward on his belly from the presence. A moment more, and another messenger lay on his face before the great Caliph Mustapha. "Most mighty and puissant Caliph, Commander of the Faithful and Sustainer of the Universe, thy contemptible cur of a slave brings tidings that that low born son of a bastard thy enemy Mesrour with his vast army has entered the main portals of thy city and his army is rushing toward thy sacred palace," "Let him be torn asunder by four black horses, one going East, and another West, another North, and another South, and let his wives be put into sacks and thrown to the fishes; let his sons be run through with pikes and his daughters sold as slaves to the sons of the Gaiours," said Mustapha the Great. "It is done, thou sublime Cousin of the Stars, whose word compells the world and whose lightest breath moves Heavens," said the messenger, crawling backward on his belly from the presence. Scarcely had he backwarded to the portals, when a third messenger lay on his face before the great Caliph Mustapha, "O, majestic Sovereign and Son of the Prophet, Compeller of the Clouds, whose least whisper commands the four winds of Heaven to blow back-

ward, thy dastardly and ill-begotten slave announces that the vast army of thy filthy enemy Mesrour has broken down thy palace gates and, even now storms the innermost passages of thy sacred apartments," "Let him be disembowled and his entrails thrown to the dogs before our palace gate and let his body be cut into ten thousand pieces, and" But the sentence pronounced by the great Caliph Mustapha was never finished, for just here a vast mob of soldiery filled the sacred apartment and somebody's flashing cimeter lopped off the great Caliph Mustapha's head!

It is a long cry from the great Caliph Mustapha to the orthodox Shakespeareans, but all the same it is not always well to content onesself with defending oneselves against ones enemies only by irades only. The only similie would be much too far-fetched! But we have been so steadily and furiously bombarded for half-a-century or so without deigning to more than command our bombarders to be summarily dealt with, that possibly it might be well to send the engineers to ascertain if the bombardment has reduced any of our outer works, even at the risk of an apparant recognition of a possible approach of danger.

Within the last three revolutions of this planet around the central solar flame, the Baconian janizaries have opened a new parallel before the Shakespeare parapets. Before all earlier parallels the othodox bastions held their volleys. We overlooked Delia Bacon: smiled at Judge Holmes; sneered at Donnelly; scolded at Edwin Reed; sniffed at Mrs. Potts' offer to parley; laughed Owen, with his machine guns to scorn, and contented ourselves with turning our search lights upon W. H. Edwards; but now approacheth Mrs. Rebecca Wells Gallup, who leaves all her predecessors functus officio, and lays it down that Lord Bacon was of Royal birth, privatelv recognized, and so at liberty not only to write plays, but to say what he liked in them.

Dr. Appleton Morgan has long since marvelled why, although one of Queen Elizabeth's first proclamation on ascending the throne was that "matters of religion or State, or of the government of the Commonwealth, should not be handled or treated" in stage plays,—the Shakespeare plays concerned themselves habitually and directly with matters of State, dilated on the disposition of consecrated Kings, declaring that within a monarch's crown Death kept its court, that a pinprick would destroy Royalty itself; that it was the heretic who lighted the fire, not he who burned therein; portrayed an Heir-apparent consorting with theives and pursetakers and knights of the road, and, in

short, spared nothing either of affairs of Religion or State! Dr. Morgan, indeed, could only explain these things by suggesting that Shakespeare had what coarse Tammany people call a "pull;" but now comes Mrs. Gallup and explains that this "pull" was the strongest that ever could have been devised,—the "pull" of Royal birth! (Though even then, this writer cannot see why the Queen should have permitted her edict to be flouted under her very nose.)

Let us remember the great Caliph Mustapha and be discreet! Let us recapitulate the items of the cold claim that Francis, Lord Bacon, was the eldest son of Queen Elizabeth, legitimately born and in the direct line of the Kings of England; that he should rightly have succeeded his mother, the Queen, as King of England; but that he deliberately chose or was forced to waive, or sleep upon his rights, and to content himself with burying his secret in the form of cyphers in the literatures we were wont to foolishly and fondly nominate respectively "Shakespeare," "Marlowe," "Spencer," "Burton's Anatomy on Melancholy," "Jonson," "Peele," "Green," "DeFoe," et al!

To refuse to announce to our masters and caliphs this Royal approach, would be to omit an item in the history of Shakespearean controversy. It is part of the narrative; a condition, even if it be a theory! Therefore, just as we have chronicled Ireland, Cunningham, "the old Corrector." Dr. Furnival, and all the other Shakespearean vicissitudes and calamities, we would be derelict in our duties did we refuse to chronicle this present threat; that we ourselves believe it an *Ignis Fatuuis*, would be no warrant for such a dereliction as historians and keepers of the record.

For this latest parallel, a courageous and (we are sure,) conscientious, lady, Mrs. Rebecca Wells Gallup, stands sponser.

With Mrs. Gallup's initial propositions no fault can be found. We do not laugh to scorn, she says, the statement of astronomers that they have discovered a new planet in Perseus, because we are not ourselves astronomers, or possess no access to the highest power telescopes. Nor do we refuse to accept translations of Egyptian hieroglypics because we ourselves are not Egyptiologists and cannot translate them for ourselves. Good faith is always presumed unless there is a reason why it ought not to be. Your opinion, my opinion, anybody's opinion, is the measure of your, my, his, knowledge and opportunities. If a man's knowledge is extensive and accurate; if his opportunities are ample and his industry undoubted, his, opinions are entitled to consideration.

I have spent seven years in investigation of the Biblical Cipher; have those who refuse to accept my discoveries spent seven days or seven hours or seven minutes in their examination? I have to confess to mature years and to no little experience in educational work, preliminary and preparatory to which was quite a thorough course of educational training in our own country, supplemented by a considerable period of study in France and Germany."

"Long before I had more than a passing and superficial knowledge of Bacon's biliteral cipher, I had observed what all careful students of Elizabethan literature have noted and remarked upon in the original editions, that the Italic letters in some of the books, were in two or more forms. Later, when an original De Augmentis came into my hands, I saw there was a clear explanation and elaborate illustration of a cipher that required simply a biformed alphabet. Bacon there speaks of the time of its invention as in his youthful days while in Paris. It is first mentioned in his "Advancement of Learning" published in 1605, with a hint of its importance. This was twenty-five years after its invention. Eighteen years later still, in 1623,we find it fully elaborated, at no small cost and pains, thus still further emphasizing its value after forty-three years of time. These facts, in themselves would suggest that the originator had tested its possibilities.

"Spurred on by the fascination of an important discovery, and by its development, as the concealed story was unfolded, letter by letter, word by word, revealing the hidden life, the secret thoughts and emotions of that great mind and personality, concerning which but the half has been known, I have examined over seven thousand pages of rare and priceless old original editions, placed at my disposal by the courtesy of private collectors in this country and in England, or found in our public libraries, and in that greatest of all literary treasuries, the British Museum. Every Italic letter on those seven thousand pages has been set down in its proper group, classified according to rules of the cipher, and the peculiar characteristics of each letter studied, until they became as familiar as the face of a friend. The results of the deciphering so far published fill three hundred and sixty-eight pages of the book under discussion. It would be a vivid imagination, indeed, that could create an historical narrative such as the cipher reveals."

"I appreciate what it means to ask strong minds to change long-standing literary convictions, and of such I venture to ask the withholding of judgment until study shall have made the new matter fa-

miliar, with the assurance meanwhile, upon my part, of the absolute veracity of the work," etc., etc.

This is unquestionably the right spirit for a watcher of the skies, when a new planet swims into his ken, or a terrestial proposition appears to unfold itself,so unique as to take away the breath of the decipherer himself! Whatever may be the outcome, it would be unjust and cruel to Mrs. Gallup not to credit her with an admirable and ample *point de zele.*

So far, so good! We submit, however, that, unless indeed pronounced too strange not to be true, (which, perhaps, may be the loophole which Mrs. Gallup's critics are providing for themselves in case surrender at discretion becomes necessary,) one has yet a logical right to reject even conscientious discoveries, ("Mare's nests," as they have come to be, not unlightly called,) until, beyond peradventure, proved aliunde.

But let us listen to Mrs, Gallup, "The Shepheard's Calendar, which appeared anonymously in 1579, contains the first, and discloses the signification of the mysterious initials "E. K."and the identity of this person with the author of the work. The Cipher narrative begins thus: "E. K. will be found to be nothing less than the letters signifying the future Sovereign, or *England's King*. . . . In event of death of Her Ma., who bore in honorable wedlock, Robert now known as sonne to Walter Devereaux, as well as him who now speaketh to the unknown aidant decypherer . . . we, the eldest borne should by Divine right of law of God, and made binding on man, inherit scepter and throne . . . We devised two Cyphers, now used for the first time, for this said history, as safe, clear and undecipherable, whilst containing the keys in each which open the most important. . . . Till a decypherer find a prepared or readily discovered alphabet, it seemeth to us almost impossible, save by Divine gift and Heavenly instinct, that he should be able to read what is thus revealed!"

"Following Shepheard's Calendar, the works between 1579 and 1500, so far deciphered (but as yet unpublished) are: Arraignment of Paris, 1584, Mirrour of Modestie, 1581, Planetomachia 1585."

"Treatise of Melancholy, 1586. Two editions of this were issued the same year with different Italics. The first ends with an incomplete cipher word which is completed in the second for the continued narration, thus making evident which was first published, unless they were published at the same time."

"Euphues, 1587; Morando, 1587. These two also join together with an incomplete word at the end of the first finding its incompletion in the commencement of the Cipher in the second."

"Perimedes the Blackesmith, 1588: Pandosto, 1588. These two also join together.

"Spanish Masquerado, 1589. Two editions of this work bear date the same year, but have different Italicising. In one edition the Cipher Story is complete, closing with the signature, 'Fr. Prince. In the other the story is not complete, the book ending with an incomplete cipher word; the remainder of which will be found in some work of near that date which has not yet been indicated.

"These, while not all the works in which Cipher will be found between the years 1579 and 1590, unmistakably connect the earlier writings with those of later date than 1590 which have been deciphered—so that we know that the Cipher writings were being continuously infolded in Bacon's works, from the first to the last of his literary productions." (We may note here that a reason for doubting if Richard Burton was really the auther of The Anatomy of Melancholy, exists in the fact that an edition of that work, published when Burton was but ten years old, is said to have been found in the British Museum, in which the author's name is given as 'T. Bright.') Bacon's reason for writing his cipher under so many names we understand to have been that as explained in his cipher itself, "he could not tell what book might be lost, or in which of those that survived his decipherer would first light on the discovery."

"'Tis the labour of years," says the Cipher, "to provide th' widely varied prose in which the lines of verse have a faire haven and lye anchor'd until a day when th' coming pow'r may say: 'Hoist sayle, away! For the windes of heav'n kisse your fairy streamers, and th' tide is aflood. On to thy destiny!'" * * * *

"O Source infinite of light, ere Time in existence was, save in Thy creative plan all this tragedy unfolded before Thee. A night of Stygian darkness encloseth us. My hope banish'd to realms above, taketh its flight through th' clear aire of the Scyences unto bright daye with Thyselfe. As thou didst conceale Thy laws in thick clouds, enfolde them in shades of mysterious gloom, Thou didst infuse from Thy spirit a desire to put the day's glad work, th' evening's thought, and midnight's meditation to finde out their secret workings. * * * *

"Only thus can I banish from my thoughts my beloved brother's

untimely cutting off and my wrongfull part in his tryale. O, had I then one thought of the' great change his death would cause—how life's worth would shrinke, and this world's little golden sunshine be but as collied night's swifte lightning—this had never come as a hound of th' hunt to my idle thoughts."

"As to the above allusion to the part the Queen had forced Bacon to bear in the trial of his own brother, Bacon further exclaims, "O, God! forgiveness cometh from Thee; shut not this truest book, my God! Shut out my past—love's little sunny hour—if it soe please Thee, and some of man's worthy work; yet Essex's tragedy here shew forth; then posterity shall know him truly." He then proceeds to state that the Queen commanded him to write for publication an account of the Earl of Essex's treasons, and he did so. But the report was too lenient, too tender for the reputation of the Earl to satisfy his vindictive mother. She destroyed the documents and, with her own hand wrote another, which was published under his name, and for which he has been held responsible. Such matters as these were State secrets, and the cipher tells us all papers were destroyed which were likely to bring dark things to light."

"Ascording to the claims now submitted, Bacon was the legitimate son of Queen Elizabeth, who was married twice over, indeed, by reason of some doubt as to the validity of the first ceremony–to Robert Dudley, afterward Earl of Leicester. Bacon was therefore the real heir to the throne, but to have acknowledged him would have been to acknowledge Dudley as the Queen's husband, which might in those ticklish times brought on her own political ruin. Hitherto Bacon's motive for secrecy has beeu supposed to be that his ambition as a lawyer forbad his openly avowing participation in persuits regarded at the time as inconsistent with State, political and parliamentary promotion. But if his claims were to the throne itself, then, indeed, there were reasons enough to justify him in concealing any connection with sc humble a calling as that of a playwright."

This "bi-literal cipher," invented and, above described by Bacon in his "Advancement," has become in our day, the Morse telegraphic code, upon which no improvement, (except the reading thereof by the sounds made by its transmission, and a reduplication of telegraphic power by ticking off these sounds in many musical keys) has ever been made. (The substitution of dots and dashes for the letters A and B, which Lord Bacon, by using them in groups of five, found more than

adequate to expressing the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, did not disturb the essential adoption by Dr. Morse of Bacon's bi-literal cipher.)

"In the cipher it is constantly recurred to and repeated," says Mrs. Gallup, "that our name is Fr. Bacon by adoption, yet it shall be different, being of roial blood, for the Queen, our sovraigne, who married by a private rite the Earl of Leicester, and at a subsequent time also as to make surer thereby, without pompe, but i' the presence o' a suitable number of witnesses, bound herself bv those hymeneal bands again, is our mother, and wee were not base-born or base-begot, we be Tudor, and our style shall be Francis First in all proper course of time, th' king of our realm." The Earl of Essex it appears was also the Queen's son, younger brother to Francis, "trained up by Devereaux," while "he who doth speak to you th' foster sonne to two well famed frie'ds o' th' Que . ., Sir Nichola' Bacon, who wo'thie advisor and counselor, and that partne' of loving labor or dutie, my most loved Lady Anne Bacon." Especially is the cryptographic writer very bitter against "a fox seen oft at our court in th' form and outward appearance of a man named Robert Cecill the hunchback," who poisoned the Queen's mind against him by threatening that he would, if recognized, aspire to the throne in the Queen's own lifetime. "The terrors he conjured up could by no art be exercis'd, and many trialls came therefrom not alone in youth but in early manhoode." The fact that Essex was the Queen's second son is offered as explaining her toleration of his vagaries and insolence. Essex knew the secret of his birth, which explains his audacity and his final treasons when he attempted to seize the Queen's person doubtless with a view to ultimately declaring his own sovereignty. Though the younger son, and thus destitute of any proper right to the throne, even had the Queen died, he was always so distinctly her favorite that he built his aspirations on that encouragement. And the cryptogram says, "This it was, although so well disguised that kept me from my crowne, and as th' days and moneths wore toward th' close o' life her desires master'd her wisedome soe farre that shee did meditate naming my brother successor; but his attempt to snatch this prize did thwart alike her hope and his at forfeit of his life."

"On learning the secret of his birth, Bacon, then about his sixteenth year; immediately confronted the Queen in her closet. They had a turbulent meeting "her wrath driving her to admissions quite unthought, wholly unpremeditated, but when thus spoken to our hearing, not to be retracted or denyed." He says that in her "gracious moodes"

her Majesty showed a certain pride in him, but allowed him to indulge in no doubts that she would hold him strictly to silence at the forfeit of his head, if he went too far or acted without consulting her wishes in advance."

"You are my own borne sonne, but you, though truly royall, of a fresh masterlie spirit, shall rule nor England nor your mother nor o'er subjects yet t'be * * * * It would well beseem you to make such tales skulk out of sight, but this suteth not t'your brave kin'ly spirit * * * what will this brave boy do? Tell a, b, c? Ending her tirade thus she bade me rise. Tremblingly I obeyed her charge." Then he went "weeping and sobbing sore" to Mistress Bacon. So far he supposed that though son of the Queen he was "base-born," but his distress led Lady Bacon to tell him all. "I besought her to speak my father's name. She said he is the Earl of Leicester. . . . . I took a most solemn oath not to reveale your storie to you. . . . Nevertheless Queene Bess did likewise give her solemn oath of baldfaced deniall of her marriage to Lord Leicester, as well as her mother-hood. Her oath so broken robs me of a sonne. O Francis, Francis, break not your mother's heart. I cannot let you go forth after all the years you have been the sonne o' my heart."

And here is a bit of personal biography. Bacon was ordered to visit France–

> "in the company and care of Sir Amyas Paulet. I made myself ready to accompany Sir Amys to that sunny land o' the south I learned soe supremely to love that afterwards I would have left England and every hope o' advancement and remain my whole life there. Nor yet could this be due to th' deligyts o' the country by itselfe, for love o' sweete Marguerite, the beautiful young sister o' th' king (married to gallant Henri th' King of Navarre) did make it Eden to my innocent heart, and even when I learned her perfidie, love did keepe her like the angels in my thoughts half o' th' time—as to the other half she was devlish and I myself was plunged into hell. This lasted dur'g many years and not until four decades or eight lustres o' life were outlived, did I take any other to my sore heart."

"Bacon too, as the cipher discloses, felt deeply and sincerely mourned over the part assigned him by his imperious Queen-mother in the Essex arraignment. "It was unthinkable," he cries, "to disobey her.

She holds all our lives in the hollow of her small palm." And to have disobeyed, if not a matter of life and death, certainly the hope of recognition as the heir to the English throne."

"* * * I am persuaded we had wonne out if her anger against the Earl, our father, who ventured on matrimony with dowager Countess of Essex, (assur'd no doubt, it would be declared illegal by our warie mother) had not outlived softer feelings. For in the presence of several that well knew to whom she referr'd, when she was ill in mind as in body and the council askt her to name th' king, she replied, 'It shall be noe rascall's son,' and when the press'd her to know who, she said, "Send to Scotland."

And in another place, "Think not in your inmost heart that you or any other whom you would put in the same case as ours would manifest a wiser or calmer minde, because none who doe not stand as I stood on Pisgah's very height, do dream of the fair beauty of that land I have seene. England as she might bee if wisely govern'd is th' dream or beauteous vision I see from Mt. Pisgah's loftie toppe."

But how about the composition of the Shakespeare Plays themselves? Did this son of a Queen write for the contemporary stage? Mrs. Gallup tells us that, in that part of the cipher which is involved in the first folio, it is "formerly and distinctly set forth that "Francis of Verulam is author of all the plays heretofore publist in the names of Marlowe, Greene, Peele, Shakespeare and of the twenty-two now put out for the first time. Some are altered to continue this historie." Other passages therein referring to Bacon's literary claims, taken somewhat at random, are as follows:

"When the Masques in my friend Ben Jonson's name have been entirely deciphered, take Greene's and Peele's works in th' order giv'n in th' Faerie Queen. My plaies are not yet finished but I intend to put forth several soone. . . . The next volume will be under W. Shakespeare's name. As some which have now been produced have borne upon the title page his name though all are my owne work, I have allowed it to stand on manie others which I myselfe regard as equall in merite. When I have assumed men's names th' next step is to create for each a stile natural to th' man that yet should (let) my owne be seene as third o' warpe in my entire fabric soe that it may be all mine. My next work is not begun here; much of it shall be found in th' plays o' Shakespeare which have not yet come out."

My best plays, at present as William Shakespeare's work fostered,

will as soon as one more plaie bee completed weare a fine but yet a quiet dress. . . . and be put forth in folio enlarged and multiplyed. . . . . As half the number I shall assemble have alreadie appeared in William Shakespeare's name I think it will be well to bring out the folio also by some means in th' same name although he be gone to that undiscovered cou'try from whose bourne no traveler returns."

And finally, after the accession of King James, Mrs. Gallup finds in the cipher this recantation: "Several comedies . . . will as soone as may be found toward the propitious, be publish't by Shakespeare, *i. e.*, in his name, having masqued thus manie of the best plaies that wee have been able to produce. To these wee are steadily making additions writing from two to six stage plays every year."

Is all this the figment of a mind diseased—a limbeck only? Is Mrs. Gallup deceiving herself? If she is, it is ingenious that she herself should confuse her own transcripts by such a statement as this:

"The different editions of the same work form each a separate study and tell a different Cipher Story. Of De Augmentis the first or "London" edition, was issued, according to Spedding, in Oct. 1623. The next or "Paris" edition, was issued in 1624. They differ in the Italic printing, and some errors in the second do not occur in the first. The 1624 edition has been deciphered; and the hidden story appears in the "Bi-literal Cypher" (page 310.) The 1623 edition has not, as yet, been deciphered. I found a copy in the British Museum, one in the Bodleian library at Oxford, two in Cambridge, and one in the choice collection of old books in the library of Sir Edwin Durning Lawrence. In the course of my work, Marlowe's Edward Second had been deciphered before De Augmentis was taken up. At the end of Edward Second occurs this statement, referring to De Augmentis (page 152 Bi-literal Bipher) " . . . the story it contains (our twelfth king's nativity since our sovereign, whose tragedy we relate in this way) shall now know the day . . ." Had Francis succeeded to the throne he would have been the twelfth king (omitting the queens) after Edward Second hence the inference that De Augmentis would contain much of his personal history. My disappointment was great when instead of this the hidden matter was found to be the Argument of the Odessy, something not anticipated, or wanted and which would never have been the result of my own choice or imagination. At the close of the deciphered work in Burton's Anatomy, in which the Argument of the Iliad was most unexpectedly found—another great disappointment—is this "veiled"

statement (page 309) " . . . while a Latin work—De Augmentis—will give aid upon the other (meaning the Odessy.) As in this work (meaning the Iliad) favorite parts are enlarged (in blank verse) yet as it lendth ayde . . .," etc.,—*i. e.*, sets a pattern for the writing out of the Odyssey in the Word Cipher. This explained the 1654 edition, and the inference is that the 1623 edition will disclose the personal history referred to on page 152.

What is to be said as to such a succinct claim as this? We leave it to those who may care to meet it with contempt or with listless curiosity or with counter investigation. It is our duty as chronicler simply to record it. Mr. A. P. Sinnet, writing in *The National Review*, suggests that—"the time has come when the champions of the corresponding facts in the history of literature will be in a position to claim an authoritative judgment from some competent tribunal which may finally put the laurel crown of Shakespearean authorship on the brow really qualified to wear it. If we had in this country any high court of literature corresponding to the French Academy, it would be the duty of such a body to appoint a committee of investigation. * * * * Till now no authoritative result could have been reached by mere consideration of the general evidence. * * * * The value to be attached to probabilities would always have been variously estimated according to fundamental prepossessions, but we now have to deal with allegations which leave nothing to opinion. If the cipher can be verified there is an end of all rational dispute. * * * * In the absence of any organization corresponding to the Academy of France, a self-constituted committee of well-known literary men might be embodied to undertake the work."

The difficulty would be, that "well-known literary men" have so far refused to consider the Baconian theory seriously. We do not suggest that it might be as well worth while as some of the things they do concern themselves with! If some conservative body, like the New York Shakespeare Society should request certain eminent professors of literature in our Universities to undertake a consensus, would they accept the task? We doubt very much if they would.

The writer of this paper cannot believe that Mrs. Gallup has found that Bacon was either the son of Queen Elizabeth and Dudley or the author of Shakespeare's works. Possibly Mrs. Gallup herself may live to discover that what she now produces is neither a proof of one nor the other; that it can be read even otherwise by other ciphers. But at

the same time, this writer believes that, in view of the fact that it is connected with the mighty name of Shakespeare it would not be *infra dignitatem* for scholarship to examine and dispose of it. It was not considered a condescension on the part of scholars to explode Ireland's or Cunningham's or Collier's forgeries. Nor does this writer believe that, as the Baconian theory is practically an exploitation of the nineteenth century, it would not be in some slight kind a decoration of the twentieth century to bury it with all its ciphers thick upon it.

But, our duty as chronicler discharged, will we lose our heads as did Mustapha? If, while still alert to the possible forthcoming, we still retain subscillary conviction that a certain William Shakespeare, of Stratford-on-Avon, had somewhat to do with those mighty dramas?

It is not to be omitted from the account that, since Mrs. Gallup's announcement, as hereinbefore explicitly chronicled, some heavy blows at her outfit have been delivered by her English critics. In *The Nineteenth Century* (the periodical, by the way, that first introduced to English readers the great, and now safety hoist with its own petard, Donnelly cipher,) for January 1902, two writers have applied not to Mrs. Gallup, but to her proceeds, the test which finally exploded the clever Rowley poems, produced by poor Chatterton, one hundred and twenty-five years ago, *i. e.* the test of errors in unconsciously followed models, to-wit: that the cipher translations of the Iliad follow Pope's metrical version, rather than the Greek, omitting the same words, substantive and ajective; substituting for literal the same figurative and allowable equivalents, (such as "hoary headed" or "silver" for the literal "white." of Homer, and even including a paraphrase of whole lines which Pope himself, for exigence of rhyme or prosody, inserted–for which the Greek gave no excuse, adding (what seems more conclusive still,) a parallelled list of thirty-five proper names given in one sequence by Homer, in another by Chapman's, and another by Pope's translations,of which the Gallupian cipher abjectly,exactly and servilly follows not Homer or Chapman, but Pope.

Still another writer in The London *Times*, (weekly edition of Jan. 10th 1902,)absorbs two entire pages in demonstrating, by large photographic elevations of the italics depended upon by Mrs. Gallup that there are *not* two styles of italic letters in the signed texts upon which to conform a bi-literal cipher at all. And, what is more, not italics enough of any sort, to produce—at five to one—the matter of which Mrs. Gallup makes profert! The apparent difference

arising from imperfect press work, overinking, condition of surface, and so on! In other words, that Mrs. Gallup has not only originated the "cipher," but the mordant with which it is claimed to be incised! In *The Monthly Review* (February 1902,) Mr. Andrew Long finds Bacon's ignorance of history in such trifling facts as that when Queen Elizabeth was a prisoner in the tower Lady Dudley (*nee* Amy Robsart) was living–that the Lord Burleigh revealed by the cipher was *William* and not *Robert*, that it was Lady *Strafford*, and not (as misprinted in Sir James Melville's record) *Stafford*, who proposed to Elizabeth the clandestine visit to Mary Queen of Scots. In *The Fortnightly Review* (February 1602,) Mr. R. S. Rait notes that Davidson–the Queen's scape goat for Mary's execution, was not beheaded, but was alive in the reign of James I. Mr. Rait also notes several prophetic errors, to-wit: "our colonies in all the regions of the globe, from remote East to a remoter west?" (Where were these "colonies" in Elizabethian or Jacoban days?) "Our wilfully blind mother, (Queen Elizabeth,) hath for many long years been wedded to the Earle of Leicester." (This in the Folio of 1623–Elizabeth having died in 1603.) "Our law giveth to the first born the title of Prince of Wales." (Had Mrs, Gallup revised this since the accession of Edward the VII, it would doubtless have read differently.)

These be yoeman blows for Mrs. Gallup's Bacon cipher. So, perhaps, we may even yet issue oriental proclamations without, like the great Caliph Mustapha, jeapordizing our capitals!

But the end is apparantly not yet, in Edward the Seventh's England—though it has not yet been proclaimed that Mrs. Gallup's revelations, as to Bacon and Princes of Wales—and Queen Elizabeth's amours, are *lese majeste*!

MARGINALIA.

Some Twentieth Century Henslows—A Theatre Trust. Mrs. Fiske gracefully and temperately, but (while reticient as to her own stout and solitary fight against it,) with no uncertain note, illustrated before the Nineteenth Century Club of New York City lately, that our ubiquitous Theatre Trust (so called) was really and irreparably injuring, not only the American stage but the American drama. Mrs. Fiske went further even than this, and quoted instances where this syndicate or Trust, (which, by controlling seventy theatres in the United States, was able to withhold from the public any play in which it did not have an interest, and any actor from whom it did not exact a tribute)—was actually dictating to the newspaper press what dramatic critics should say about the plays it condescended to suffer to be produced! To dictate to this people what they shall go to see or not go to see, or what they shall or shall not think about what they do see, is on the whole, rather considerably too medivial to be patiently tolerated for any very extended period into the twentieth century. But the old question recurs, "What are we going to do about it?" Syndicates, whether composed of one Henslowe, or many Henslowes in combination, may lawfully purchase, lease or otherwise acquire theatres, and having acquired, can lawfully control them, so long as they do not maintain a public nuisance, or otherwise interfere with the public convenience or the rights of their neighbors. And so controlling them, can lawfully exert the negative privilege of preventing any particular play or any particular player from appearing in those theatres. To be sure, there is the *jus tertii*, the right of the public, which depends, *in umbra*, over every private contract, and which in case of interference with or disregard of public convenience, can always be made dominative of that private contract. That the public convenience is the supreme law is a horn-book proposition of all jurisprudence, and a suggested return to the procedure of the Middle Ages would seem a capital case in which appeal to horn-book propositions and first princi-

ples, was rather peremptorily called for. But how are we exactly to go about it and make the appeal, not academically, but practically?

The case is a hard one. We are not sure but that an amelioration of, if not a remedy for, the conditions presented might not be the State or endowed theatre, of which we have lately heard so much. The late Augustin Daly, at the dinner given in his honor by the New York Shakespeare Society at Delmonico's April 22, 1896, argued strongly as to both the impossibility, and the non-advisability, if it were possible, of such an institution. But the gist of Mr. Daly's objections were that managers and directors were human beings; that favorite playwrights, actors or actresses, might get more out of the endowed theatre than the public which endowed it! "An endowed theatre," said Mr. Daly on that occasion, "would always be here subject to the same influence that affects State or Court theatres in other countries, and the most potent are always the personal wishes and preferences of the powers that be. No! I am for the theatre that is independent of all powers except the public approbation."

But Mrs. Fiske now draws our attention to the fact that the very objection which Mr. Daly found to an endowed theatre, has actually, by the operation of the Theatre Trust, been forced upon the American people just five years after Mr. Daly foresaw it from the opposite direction! The American theatre is at present actually subject "to the personal wishes and preferences of powers that be," and the sum of that control is not for edification!

The matter is too big and too far reaching to treat in paragraphs, but we cannot forbear another quotation from Mr. Daly's speech which sounds like a prophetic pre-echo of Mrs. Fiske's doleful picture. "It is the struggle to win and keep alive the public favor which has given us heretofore the best plays, the best actors and the best managers. Without that necessity, I fear the theatre would sink out of sight." The very gravamen of Mrs. Fiske's charge is that "the best plays, the best actors and the best managers," are, under the operations of the Theatre Trust, not given us; that the plays given us are not those which appeal "to keep alive the public favor," but those that yield the largest income to the handful of "commercial gents," who have been pleased to pool their interest in the Theatre Trust!

At least one conclusion, therefore, seems secure, namely that the Theatre Trust, by suggesting that the public be ——, has removed the one great objection which the most eminent manager that America has

ever produced could bring against an endowed theatre. Certainly if there had been an endowed theatre in every American city, an eminent artist like Mrs. Fiske, with a costly company and a noble play that everybody flocked to see, would not be obliged, (as we learn that she is, outside of New York City) to secure public halls and audience rooms unsuited for stage purposes, because she declines to pour tribute into the pockets of this handful of enterprising persons in New York City who have tricked up an incubus, that, like Alphonse Daudet's absolution, should squat automatically, "for their pockets all the time," whoever and wherever in the United States a play was written or presented or a theatre opened its doors!

The idea is not a new one with the Theatre Trust. In Shakespeare's day one Philip Henslowe devised the same sort of thing. We have records of his bribing a printer in 1599 not to publish a play on the story of Patient Gressel by Decker, Chettle and Haughton; of employing a hack named Wentworth Smith to rewrite and re-arrange so as to disguise other people's plays; as a year or so later, hiring these same men, Decker and Chettle, to make up a rival Troilus and Cressida for the Earl of Nottingham's Company to compete with Shakespeare's play of that name, which the Lord Chamberlin's company (to which Shakespeare belonged at that date) were about to produce! A whole Theatre Trust in himself, he attended to such minor details as to purchase, April 11, 1592, a play called "Titus and Vespasian," (supposed to be Shakespeare's Titus Andronicus or its model,) and changed its name to "A Tragedy about Agamemnon," and then, as his pocket seemed to impel him, he changed the name back again. In 1601, he managed by loans and advances to get poor Ben Jonson into his power, and thereafter as long as Shakespeare lived, kept Ben at Shakespeare's heels, endeavoring to duplicate Shakespeare's attractions, to cut his profits on every venture by similar performances, etc., etc. By the same tactics, Henslowe drew Shakespeare's best low comedian, William Kemp, away from him and kept him away for eight years, from 1594 to 1602. And so, in one way or another, worked "for his pocket all the time" and, it seems, very satisfactorily to himself! Philip Henslowe was the thorn in Shakespeare's flesh for more than twenty years! But Philip Henslowe is dead, which Shakespeare is not, and the present Theatre Trust may hasten its obsequies by too close a constriction of the American drama. The proposition to dictate to dramatic critics what they shall say in their articles will doubtless give no artist a

sleepless night! Current newspaper stage criticism, like newspaper book-reviewing, has next to never its effect upon either house or sales. Possibly one goes to a theatre now and then from curiosity as to whether a play can possibly be as bad as somebody writes that it is. But, since nobody can be written or acted down–save by himself, let us, by all means give the Theatre Trust literary fellow all the "rope" that he wants.

ALTHOUGH SUCCESSFUL, PROMINENT, AND NOT infrequently monopolistic, in industrial and commercial fields, the Jew has not, heretofore cared to select for his industry the wide preserves of Shakespeareana. But it seems that he has lately turned his attention to these, entered in and occupied. Mr. C. H. A. Bjerregard, Librarian of the Astor Branch of the New York Public Library, a contemporary at the University of Copenhagen, writes us that the real name of the gentleman signing himself "George Brandes" is GEORGE MORRIS COHEN BRANDES. And a subscriber in London also informs us that the "Sidney Lee" who, as was noted lately in these pages, has "recently taken all Shakespeare for his province" (ante page 18,) is a Hebrew whose real name is SOLOMON LAZARUS LEVY! Our subscriber continues, "He wrote his life of Shakespeare,as a mere trade venture at Messrs. Smith, Elder & Co.'s request, and wrote it as they thought it would sell best. I had this from a personal friend of his." If true, these are only further illustrations of the power of the Jew to make all paths lead to prosperity. Both Dr. Brandes and Sidney Lee's books were very far from being failures. And our comments upon the latter gentlemen were very far from being actuated by enmity. There is no field wherein the cadet is more generously welcomed and so quickly made to feel at home, as the field of Shakespeare study. Our comment upon Mr. Lee, (or Mr. Levy, quite as he prefers,) was that his "life of Shakespeare" was the fruit of no original research, and contained nothing which any respectable library could not have furnished him with, and omitted a good deal which it could; and that, to omit credit to the great Shakespearean authorities of whose labors he availed himself, or to mention them so as to imply that their researches had only been very slovenly, or very limited, or developed only comparatively immaterial details while he (Mr. Levy or Mr. Lee,) had really developed everything of importance

deceived nobody familiar with the field, and would in the long run, become apparent to everybody. Here, as everywhere else, the test of final success and of public approbation is—sincerity. The true student, in any path, works, for the love of his work, and the labor he delights in physics pain. It is no reproach to a book that it sells. But such is the calamity and the disability of authorship, we are afraid, that it is sometimes suspicious. (Some of our current novels, for example, according to the advertising columns of the literary journals, never sell less than half-a-million copies before publication, and we ourself know of a firm of publishers, not ten thousand miles from New York City, whose announcements predicate sales of a bulk of one work of fiction which, by actual geometery, would be many times the cubical contents of their place of business if a solid block of marble, and yet no extraordinary or unusual bustle or industry had been observed on their premises, nor has their complement of employees been increased!) The Jewish race is eminently a successful one! But honesty, good faith and scrupulous keeping of engagements are what has made it so.

Messrs. Doubleday, Page & Company announce a "literary enterprise of unusual importance in a new edition of 'Shakspere,' which is to embody the best results of recent Englsh scholarships as they bear upon our understanding and interpretation of Shakspere's Plays." The editor is to be Professor Mark H. Liddell. The special feature distinguishing this edition will be "a set of marginal references, such as are used in the Oxford Bible, pointing the student to other passages in Shakspere that throw light on the one he is reading. Such cross-references have been found in the teaching to be the best practical means of elucidatiang Elazabethan English. The large Shakspere dictionaries are nôt accessible, and the 'New English Dictionary' is an expensive book not available for use in Shakspere classes." The prospectus further states that "the effort will be made to print as nearly as possible what Shakespeare wrote and let that speak for itself. The work of the editors of the 'Cambridge Shakespeare' was for its time thoroughly and judiciously done; but the advance which English studies have made since Clark and Wright completed their great task, renders it possible now to produce a better text than that which they gave us in 1863. The publication of the 'New English Dictionary' alone has widened our knowledge of Shakespeare's English enormously." The

explanatory note, as well as we can judge from the specimen pages, will be partly marginal and partly at the end of each volume. There will be about forty volumes. "It would thus appear that this proposed edition is designed neither for the general reader nor for the student of Shakespeare; but for the student of the English language. The spelling will be that of the First Folio: but the punctuation and capitalization will be modernized. Thus the editor seems to think the text will be "presented in the language of Shakespeare's time." "It may be objected," the prospectus goes on to say, "that the Folio text (1623) is from ten to twenty years later than the period of Shakespeare's best work, and that therefore the form of the earliest Quartos should be the one chosen to represent faithfully the English of Shakespeare. And the objection would have point were it not for the fact that in their printing the Quartos are not uniform even when judged by Elizabethan standards; and besides, many of the plays made their first appearance as literature in the Folio. If this strict process were followed, therefore, there would be an apparent lack of uniformity in Shakespeare's works. The Folio, being, as it is, a complete book of Shakespeare's plays, possesses the advantage of presenting a uniform appearance, and is not late enough to differ very materially from the form Shakespeare would have given his work had he himself edited his plays and published them as literature."

We are at a loss to understand exactly what this means. Is it meant to be stated that the English language had undergone a change between the time of the publication of the Quartos and the publication of the First Folio? The Elizabethan writers spell generally as they pronounced, and this led to the elision or omission of certain syllables in the written language which were slurred or not pronounced in speaking. This cnstom has been examined and the instances of its use classified by Dr. Abbott in his "Shakespeare Grammar." Excepting instances of this kind, and a few others growing out of the inflection, then rapidly disappearing, (and here, it is not the spelling of the word itself which differs from modern usage) we do not believe the fantastic spelling of the Folio will in any degree contribute to our understanding of Shakespeare's language. Says Halliwell-Phillipps, "As for orthography in language either in books or manuscripts of the Shakespearean period, all who are familiar with such matters know that the same word is frequently spelt in half-a-dozen various forms in a single page." In another place the same distinguished scholar ob-

serves. "Every one in the poet's time spelt according to his fancy, usually with a tendency to literal redundency, so that there was scarcely a word that did not appear in a variety of fashions, every section of the language being exposed to the universal irregularity." True, as Professor Liddell says, there is no uniformity in the spelling of the Quartos, but this lack of uniformity did not grow up during the ten or twenty years from "the period of Shakespeare's best work" to the publication of lhe Folio. The spelllng of the Quarto Othello (1622) is markedly different from that of the same play in the Folio; and, speaking generally, we may say conforms more closely to modern usage. For instance, Quarto 1, 26 (Bankside Notation) has prattle, Folio, pratle; Q. 1, 28, eyes; F. eies: Q. l. 41, assign'd, F. assin'd, (in line 633 of the F. the same word is spelt assigne;) Q. l. 79 climate, F. clymate; Q. l. 95 family, F. familie; Q. l. 391 drugs, F. druggs; Q. l. 502 tyranny, F. tirranie; Q. l. 509 mischiefe, F. mischeefe.

But perhaps no book of the period is uniform with itself in its orthography, certainly the First Folio is not. In the specimen pages of Professor Liddell's edition sent out by the publishers, containing about sixty lines from Macbeth, we find, l. 1, 8. sc. 1. "As two spent swimmers that do cling together," two lines below, we have, "The multiplying villanies of Nature do swarme upon him." On line 20 he is spelt "hee," and on line 22 "he." We also see "eyes," but in Othello, as above noted, the Folio spells it "eies." In the Folio edition of this play we have "answere" in line 302 and "answer" l. 305; counsell, l. 314, counsaile l. 382; handkerchiefe, l. 2235, handkerchikfe l. 2240. In Romeo and Juliet we have arithmeticke; in Cymbeline, arthmaticke: in Othello, arithmatician. The list of words spelt in different ways in the Folio might be multiplied indefinitely. Dr. Furness, in the introduction to one of his varioum volumes, accounts for the multiplicity of letters in the words of one of the Quartos by saying it was due to the "idiosyncracies of the compositor," and adds, the editor of Elizabethan literature must always take into account the "personal equasion of the printer's devil." In fact, every writer and every compositor was a law unto himself, and spelt, capitalized and punctuated to suit his own fancy. In giving us the spelling of the different compositors who worked on the Folio, with his own capitalization and punctuation, we cannot believe Professor Liddell will have made much progress in supplying us with the lines "as Shakespeare wrote them." We believe the Bankside, paralleling in exact facsimile the Folio with the

first Quarto edition of the same play, is destined for a long time to remain the best edition for the Shakesperearean student, and the Cambridge, or Globe, the best edition for the general reader. How Professor Liddell's edition will compare for class room use with Dyce's, or Gollanz's, or the many excellent editions of separate plays designed for this purpose, we are not now prepared to say.

Speaking of spelling, we notice that the poets name is spelt "Shakspere" in Professor Liddell's edition. Whether the editor or the publishers selected this form is not stated. In an excellent class-book edition of Macbeth, the editor, Dr. James H. Garnett, takes occasion in a prefatory note to state that he is not responsible for the spelling "Shakespeare" used in that edition, his own preference being that adopted by the New "Shakspere" Society of London. We remember reading a review in the Evening Post some years ago in which it was stated that the spelling "Shakespeare" was of itself evidence of a lack of scholarship. For our part we prefer this form, but it is entirely a matter of taste, and we have no fault to find with those who prefer a different form. The great poet seems to have spelt his name in two different ways; but that nearly all his contemporaries were equally careless in their autographs is beyond dispute. Long lists of variations in the sigatures of distinguished persons of that era have been made by Karl Elze in his "Life of Shakespeare" and by Halliwell-Phillipps in his "New Lamps or Old." In our opinion, where the name of an Elizabathan author has acquired a definite and fixed form in literature it is not a sufficient reason to change that form because the author himself sometimes or even usually spelt it differently. Sir Walter Raleigh signed his name Rauley and Ralegh; Sir Philip Sidney sometimes wrote it Sydney; Ben Jonson sometimes used an h in his name; and Bacon on at least one occasion wrote his with a *k*.

Shakespeare's name was pronounced by his contemporaries in Stratford as if spelt Shacksper. In our opinion there exists as little sound reason for a change in the spelling of the name as there is for a change in its pronunciation.

Who would now recognize the great Elizabathan courtier if we spelt his name Rauley: who would think we referred to the rare Ben if we spelt it Johnson? The form of the written word becomes as familiar to our eye as the sound to our ear. The eye is surely as sensative as the ear. The spelling of the name in Elizabethan literature is uniformely Shakespeare, (except that it was sometimes Shaxper) and

this form continued uniform also down to the time of the formation of the New Shakespeare Society. Let us hope that a return will be made to the familiar landmark, and that the name familiar to the eye of our childhood will not be changed. The title pages of the Quartos spell it "Shakespeare," so do writers like Fuller. The last time that Shakespeare wrote his name for posterity—in the last final signature to his last will and testament, he signed it—if magnif ing glasses do not deceive us—S-H-A-K-E-S-P-E-A-R-E. A preference for a concept theory as to how a name should be spelled in order to show the spellers "scholarship" over its owners own choice as to how to spell his own name—strikes one as finnicky and faddish. To our mind the controversy is surplusage, as beside the mark as the Baconian claim that "Shaxper" was the man of Stratford; and "Shakespeare" Mr. Bacan's nom de plume. It reminds of the rapture with which our esteemed contemporary "Poet Lore" once discovered that it could spell its "Tolstoi"—"Tolstoy."

Dr. Appleton Morgan, who on April 23, 1902, will celebrate the conclusion of his seventeen years consecutive presidency of The New York Shakespeare Society, has promised to begin in the next issue of New Shakespeareana a series of his reminiscenses, under the title "Thirty Years of Shakespearean Controversy."

Dr. Morgan's Shakespearean career commenced about the date of the Perkins and "Old Corrector" controversy, and embraces the founding and decadence of the New Shakespeare Society, the Halliwell-Phillips-Browning-Furnivall difficulty, the Donnelly, Owen, Potts and Mrs. Gallup ciphers, the gravestone "restoration" business, etc., etc. We can promise our readers a considerable pleasure in the perusal of these reminiscences. Of Dr. Morgan himself it does not become the present writer, his life-long friend and beneficiary, to speak. But he may fittingly quote from the address of Hon. Walter S. Logan at the dinner given by the New York Shakespeare Society to Augustin Daly at Delmonico's New York City, April 22, 1896. Said Mr. Logan: "Perhaps no man, except it be Mr. Theodore Roosevelt, has been as much criticised as Dr. Appleton Morgan. But to those who know him he is a warm and tried friend, a genial companion, a deep and generous student of Shakespeare, an earnest, loyal, great-hearted gentleman

* * * * Mr. Logan continued, "There is in New York City a Shakespeare Society. It is not as great and strong as it might be, but its arms are open to welcome every lover of Shakespeare, and it is growing every day greater and stronger. It has already done a great work since the evening, just eleven years ago, when Dr. Morgan and two other earnest gentlemen met in an upper room, not far from where we are sitting to-night, and founded it with Lucentio's motto: "No profit grows where is no pleasure ta'en. In brief, sir, study what you most effect." in the belief that nowhere else can each one better study what he himself most effects, than in the pages of great Shakespeare, who let nothing escape him!" The "criticism" to which Mr. Logan alluded was that which had arisen because Dr. Morgan, though at the head of an othodox Shakespeare Society, had maintained a mind singularly open to every phase of research into Shakespeare's career, work and environment, asking and telling the truth regardless of sentimental or traditional prejudice, not even yielding to an attack of nervous prostration at the approach of the Baconian authorship theory, but, while himself thoroughly distrusting it, met it at least half way, and proposed to learn and to present, in his writings and addresses, all he could learn about it in its behalf as well as in its rebuttal. He did not neglect, as any one interested may see by referring to page 187 of volume VI of our predecessor SHAKESPEAREANA, to apply to that theory the "style curves" test invented by Dr. Mendenhall (described elsewhere in these pages) with the demonstration, (as far as that ingenious test can demonstrate anything,) that the prose style of Bacon and Shakespeare were by no means identical!

Perhaps we may anticipate that, in the course of Dr. Morgan's experiences, some funny things have occurred. For example, he occasionally exhibits to his friends some autograph letters from cranks threatening his life for his position in the Baconian controversy, and some others stating that he, (Dr. Morgan) had written letters threatening other people's lives for revealing, or not revealing the secret that Bacon wrote Shakespeare (it is not easy from their perusal to exactly make out which,) and other comically curious things explainable probably only upon Dr. Lambrosio's theory of "mattoids." Not only has Dr. Morgan distinguished himself for ripe learning and (what is still rarer in Shakespearean matters) for a sterling c o m m o n sense in his Shakespearean career, but he possesses that life-saving quality, as it has been called, a sense of humor, of which his friends

treasure so many examples. His cleverness in good natured repartee is proverbial. On one occasion at a meeting of a Shakespeare Club in New York City, a distinguished lawyer (himself a Shakespeare scholar of no mean acquirements) said in discussing Shakespeare's early relations with Anne Hathway, "I would like to ask Dr. Morgan if 'troth-plight' and marriage in those days were not identical." Dr. Morgan instantly replied, "If the gentleman will accept William Shakespeare as authority, I will remind him that the record shows that William Shakespeare at least regarded them as identical." His reply to a certain learned Theban, who in the course of a debate, said with his usual descent to banality, "Dr. Morgan, I am not a born fool," was, "I am not an alienist or a pathologist, and so cannot tell whether Dr. F——s folly is congential or not," was probably less good natured, but he does not often say bitter things, even when bitter things are called for.

Of Dr. Morgan's record as President of the Shakespeare Society, nothing need be said here. During his administration the Society has achieved a reputation not only for the character of its publications, thirty-three octavo volumes (including the "Bankside" sets of which have found lodgment in every Public, Royal and Ducal library in Christendom) but for their beauty of typography which no other American learned society has ever approached. That this output has not been achieved without personal sacrifice on Dr. Morgan's part, no one familiar with the seventeen years life of the New York Shakespeare Society, leaves unrecognized.

W. C. D. Cumberland, Maryland, writes: I find prefixed to the "Pearson Reprint" of Richard Brome's Dramatic Works an engraving under which the following lines are printed in script of an archaic nature.

> Reader lo heere thou will two faces finde
> One of the body, t'other of the minde;
> This by the Graver, so that with much strife
> Wee think Brome dead, hee's drawne so to the life,
> That by's owne pen's done so ingeniously
> That who reads it must think he ne'er shall dy.
>
> A. A.

You will at once recognize the similarity of this language to that of Jonson's verses under Shakespeare's portrait in the First Folio. No

explanation is given by Pearson as to whence this picture and these verses are obtained. I presume they were prefixed to some original contemporary publication. Brome's picture is just as "wooden" and expressionless as Shakespeare's in the Folio.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

(Subject to second and extended review in subsequent issues. All books entered below can be supplied by New Shakespeareana at prices named.)

27 *Shakespeare's Family;* being a record of the ancestors and descendents of William Shakespeare, with some account of the Ardens; by C. C. Stopes; crown; 8 vo, frontispiece; pp. 260; net $3.25; New York James Pott & Co.

31. *A New Variorum Edition of Shakespeare;* edited by Horace Howard Furness; Vol. XIII; Twelfth Night, or What You Will; IV cloth; royal 8 vo; pp. 434; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; $4.00 net.

32. *Boswell's Life of Johnson;* edited by Augustus Birrell, and illustrated with portraits selected by Ernest Radford; 6 v; 12 mo; pp. 250; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; $12.00 net.

33. *The Works of William Shakespeare;* New Century edition; 20 v; cloth; gilt top; colored plates; Philadelphia, J. B. Lippincott Company; $25.00 net.

34. *Tales from Shakespeare;* by Margaret and Charles Lamb; with introductions, notes additions by F. J. Furnivall; 22 full page photogravures and 42 black and white illustrations; 2 v; cloth; 8 vo; pp. pp. 310-310; New York, Raphael Tuck & Company; $7.50 net.

35. *Tales from Shakespeare;* by Mary and Charles Lamb; with 6 color plates and 70 half tone illustrations by W. Paget; 1 v; illuminated cloth; IV. 12 mo; pp. 319; New York, E. P. Dutton & Company; $2.50 net.

36. *Shakespeare's Heroines;* by Mrs. Jamison, with decorative designs by R. Anning Bell; 1 v; illuminated; cloth; pp. 380; New York, E. P. Dutton & Company; $3.00.

37. *English History in Shakespeare's Plays;* by Beverley E. Warner, M.A. D. D.; 1 v; 12 mo; pp. 321; New York, Longman, Green & Company; $1.75.

38. *Shakespeare Wars; Shakespeare as a Dramatic Artist;* with an account of his reputation at various periods, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L. H. D., L.L. D.; IV cloth; crown; 12 mo; pp; 450; New York, Charles Scribner's Sons.

39. *What is Shakespeare?* An introduction to the Great Plays, by L. A. Sherman, Professor of English in the University of Nebraska; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 410; New York, the Macmillan Company; $1.50.

40. *A History of American Verse,* (1610–1697) by James L. Onderdonk; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 391; Chicago, A. G. McClurg & Co. $1.50.

41. *John Selden and His Table Talk,* by Robert Waters; portrait; IV; cloth; pp. 351; New York, Eaton & Mains, $1.00.

42. *New Glimpses of Poe,* by James A. Harrison, Professor in the University of Virginia; IV; cloth de lux; 8 vo; pp. 60; portrait; New York, M. F. Mansfield & Co., $1.25.

43, *The Mulligans,* by Edward Harrigan; illustrated by F. A. Forenz; IV; cloth; pp. ⅟51; New York, The G. W. Dillingham Co., $1.00

44. *Chaucer's Prologue; The Knight's Tale and the Nun's Priest's Tale,* (Riverside Literature Series) edited with notes and glossary, by Frank Jewett Mather, Jr., Ph. D.; IV; cloth; 12 mo; pp. 143–27; New York, Houghton, Miffiin & Co.; 40c.

45. *Chaucer's Franklin's Tale and Wife of Bath's Tale,* (Publications of the Modern Language Association of America;) Baltimore, paper; 8 vo; John Murphy Co.; $1.00.

46. *Shakespeare's Tragedy of Maebeth,* edited with an introduction, notes and anyletic questions by L. A. Sherman, Professor in the University of Nebraska; IV; cloth; 16 mo; pp. 200; New York, Harvey Holt & Co.; $1.00 net.

47. *Shakespeare Sonnet Kalander,* de luxe: New York, M. F. Mansfield Co.; 50c.

48–49. *Trelawny of the Wells,* a comedy by Arthur W. Pinero. *The Fantastics,* a comedy by Edouard Roscard; 2v; 5⅛x8 and 4½x6½ $1.50, $1.00, New York, R. H. Russell.

27. We pronounce this the most important and valuable single contribution to our libraries of SHAKESPEAREANA that has been presented within the last twenty-five years: certainly since Dr. Halliwell-Phillipps' "Outlines," There have been more showy, and yet invaluable books, such, for example, Mr. Boswell-Stone's "Shakespeare's Hollinshed." But that could have been produced at the compiler's desk with a copy of Shakespeare and a copy of Hollinshed's Chronicles, comfortably before him. But Mrs. Stopes could never have compiled this volume "Shakespeare's Family" at a desk. It is a literal ransacking of England and it is hard to believe that it is not a researching of Scottish, Continental or even American precincts as well.

Mrs. Charlotte Carmichal Stopes set herself to a deep and more laborious task than Mr. George Russll French performed so many years ago in his Shakespeareana Genealogica. Mr. French traced—aimed to trace—only the Warwickshire families from which the Dramatist might have sprung. Mrs. Stopes has added a determination to exhaust the record of any family, and all families, whose patronymic was "Shakespeare" by grace of any othography or with whatever number of vowels. The range of her labors impresses—almost depresses—us. It is a most notable example of perseverance and of modest and fruitful toil. The old stereotype about a book which "no library can afford to be without" finds new significance before such laborious pages as these.

That the result of Mrs. Stopes's investigations leaves us as does most, nay all, Shakespearean investigations, just where it started—in the little mediaeval village of Stratford-on-Avon—with its much, heaps and middens, is nothing to Mrs. Stope's discredit. Not all the volumes exploited since 1616, orthodox, speculative, tentative, or coldly militant as to the very existence of a William Shakespeare—have budged to the fraction of an inch, the facts that the sponsor of the world's supremest Literature was born at Stratford-on-Avon; that he sojourned in London, and returned to purchase the stateliest mansion in his native town—and then died, and that, during the sojourn in London he produced the literature we call, and always will call Shakespeare. If Mrs. Stopes's scrupulous industry and painful care had produced any evidence destructive of these facts she would have been obliged to set them down—and it is cumulative to the value of her book that she has not been called upon to set down aught of the kind. The only point she cannot solve is, was Richard the Grandfather of the Dramatist?

31. We congratulate Dr. Furness on reaching the thirteenth volume of his New Variorum, that most sumptuous and most glorlous tribute ever laid upon Shakespeare's airn of immortality, where everything is, and nothing is oversighted and simple truth is highest of praise. Not to be omitted from the pleasure of eulogizing this magnificent edition is the temptation to note how the blessed editorial sense of humor is not to be repressed, (as par example Dr. Furness gravely recites the struggles of several generations of learned college professors and dusty commentators with such an awful crux as "come and kiss me, sweet and twenty"–and then adds on his own account, a hint that a school-boy and a pretty girl might arrive at its significance without recourse to some score of libraries!) If this Variorum can be completed–as Heaven knows we pray–it is the ultima Thule of editions! All hail and all gratitude to Dr. Furness who, while rearing his own monumentum aere perennis is giving to posterity the noblest of legacies for future memorial of the Great Dramatist!

32. Mr. Birrell has presented us with a noble edition of the greatest biography, written by the meanest biographer the world has ever seen. Nothing like Mr. Boswell's work, if we except perhaps Mr. Howell's delightful "My Literary Friends and Acquaintances" has ever been turned out of our presses. We will permit the psycologist to guess for us what was the charm of this tough old literarian,who would clothe the smallest item he chanced upon in his seven-by-nine existence with a hyperbole whose very audacity cancelled its absurdity, (when he announced that the death of his pupil, Garrick, a local actor who never played a part outside of England–"eclipsed the gaiety of nations")–or who was so unlady-like as to say that "Hell is paved with good intentions" (Mr. H. W. Mabie would have suppressed that speech!) Really there is nothing in Heaven above, or the earth beneath like the fidelity with which this great man's lightest breath is set down by the vigilant Boswell! Nothing, except perhaps, the bated breath with which Mr. Howells chronicles that Mr. James Russell Lowell once told him that he would need a stove in Venice! It is good to have at last so convenient an edition. Birkbeck Hill's was too cumbersome for the cabinet.

33. This New Century Edition is far and away the best we have lately seen for library use. Its broad pages, allowing the original justification of the lines, its beautifully clear ink and exquisitely toned

paper, would alone make it the best. But it gives besides to every play such a brief as this: "*The First Part of King Henry IV—First printed in Quarto 1598, The Play Contains 5 Acts, 19 Scenes; 1668 lines of verse and 1331 lines of prose*—just what a reader wants to know, and just what it would require a good deal of time to find out in most cases.

34. Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare never had so splendid a setting as this now given them by Messrs Raphael Tuck & Sons. Dr. Furnivall has added the stories of two comedies and four tragedies not told by the classic text of Charles and Mary, and the work ought now to be, in this shape, on everybody's table. Certainly it would be hard to suggest an item of elegance the Messrs. Tuck have not lavished upon this work.

35. Scarcely less can be said of Messrs. E. P. Dutton & Co.'s one volume edition, with its exquisite Rafael cover in gold and scarlet and fawn color; its beautiful colored plates and mortised vignettes, which make it an ideal and a dream. If anybody can resist the temptation of absorbing the letter-press which holds such luxury of design as the Messrs. Tuck and the Messrs. Dutton have given to Lamb's Tales from Shakespeare, he or she must be Philistine indeed!

36. Nor can we bate a jot of the above in enthusiastic commendation of what the Messrs. Dutton have done for another Shakespeare classic, Mrs. Jameson's Characteristics of the Women of the Plays. The cover is here of gold and green; the letterpress of beautiful typographical finish, and the margins ample and restful. This is what is known as a decorated as well as an illustrated, book. The artist has taken every excuse not only of head piece and tail piece but of full-page illustrations to work in his coloring and is to be congratulated upon the appropriateness of it all! Like pansies—this book is "for thought."

37. The rich, pure idiomatic English of Dr. Warner's "History in Shakespeare's Plays," makes it delighlful even if not taken for what it purports to be, a higher text book for Shakespearean history. It is addressed especially, says the all too brief preface, "to those read-readers and students of English history who may not have discovered what an aid to the understanding of certain important phases of England's national development lies in the Historical Plays of Shakespeare which cover a period of three hundred years, from King John and Mag-

na Charta to Henry the Eighth and the Reformation. After an able introduction to these Historical Plays as a whole, Dr. Warner divides his book into ten periods such as reveal the crucial, of the Shakespeare treatment beyond their biographical, importance. There is a fine essay on the date of the Henry the Eighth, in which Dr. Warner takes the view which we have always believed must be, when all the arguments are in–finally conceded, viz: That Shakespeare himself, and none other, wrote this play! "otherwise there would have been no such tender handling of Henry and Anne Boleyn, and we should have missed the clever workmanship which places the divorced Katharine in such a tender and touching relief, without reflecting upon the legitimacy of England's virgin Queen." Who else but Shakespeare could have so steered around incongruities and made them all illustrious?

Dr. Warner is courteous enough to the people who deny to Shakespeare, who could turn into dramatic version English History from Magna Charta to the Reformation–this fine work upon the ticklish and uneven reign of Henry VIII. Some others would have called them "cranks" or worse. Allowing Mr. Spedding and the New Shakespeare persons all their profundity, we agree with Dr. Warner. As to th' fata Morgana "verse tests" Dr. Warner is also sound to the core. It was a sad day for Shakespearean scholarship when Mr. Bathursts little essay on Shakespeare's verse fell into Mr. Furnivall's hands For the to-do which that somewhat peppery gentleman kept up ever afterwards about his plan of settling all Shakespeare questions by counting syllables will be long in the laying..

There is no other such able work as this of Dr. Warner's on the Historical Plays, though there are a many not nearly so good. And we are glad to know that it has met the appreciation it deserves. Of the many fine works produced by members of the New York Shakespeare Society, such as Mr. Devecmons and Senator Davis's, there is nothing finer than Dr. Warner's handling of the Historical Plays.

38. "Time," says Washington Irving, "is not such an invariable destroyer as he is represented. Its very delapidation furnishes matter for new controversy, and his rust is more precious than the most costly gilding; under his plastic hand trifles rise into importance; the nonsense of one age becomes the wisdom of another; the levity of the wit, gravitates into the learning of the pedant, and an ancient farthing moulders into infinitely more value than a modern guinea." In days

when our rich men pay tens of thousands for the hacked and ragged broadsides which went begging for a testern in Shakespeare's own days. Professor Loundsbury (and no abler man could have undertaken it) has essayed to trace the course of appreciation and criticism which has raised this truculent testern to an eager investment–and the maker of Plays for the Rose and Swan and Curtain as the greatest of Dramatists, the Prince of Poets—in applause, delight and wonder of the stage. New Shakespeareana proposes at another time competent notes of this noble and most absorbingly attractive volume. The first of its kind, and the longest desired in our Shakespearean fields!

40. In this work, published posthumously, (its author, Mr. Onderdonk, having died while seeking in Alaska, material for a work descriptive of that territory,) is offered a History of American Verse. A History of Verse, American or otherwise, is necessary a volume of criticism, and biographical notices of the poets writing the verses, do not detract from that essential of its character. We are impressed with the great justice and very clear discernment of this work. There is rarely dissent from Mr. Onderdonk's conclusions, and the brevity forced upon them by compression into three hundred pages notices of the work of almost that number of poets, has added its value in treasures, and made the book available as a Manual of its field.

A few slips in biographical matter do not detract from the timely pungency of the whole. Mr. Onderdonk speaks of Miss Emma Lazarus as the "daughter of wealth and position." As a matter of fact it heightened the background of Miss Lazarus's achievements that she was the "daughter" of neither, but of a notorious character, "Izzy Lazarus" who kept a disreputable resort in a purlieu of New York City in the early seventies, which however, the noble career of his daughter (who was and did all that Mr. Onderdonk says) caused him to abandon.

Again, on page 143, Mr. Onderdonk says of McDonald Clark, "He was scouted, despised and dreaded." Clark was the author of the lines,

"Now twilight lets her curtain down,
And pins it with with a single star.

once admired for their supposed beauty."

Mr. Onderdonk is wrong both in his quotation and in his comment. To pin twilight with a single star is *banal* indeed! What Mr. Clark,

(who was neither scouted despised and dreaded"–but, on the contrary admired and pitied, and spoken of affectionately as the "mad poet") wrote, was this,

"Night calls her sable mantle down
And buttons it with stars,"

which is even yet admired! But small slips like these do not detract from the merits of this book. It shows, as we have said, a thorough reading and great discriminating power, and is a valuable and trustworthy guide. Mr. Onderdonk's pages upon Walt Whitman are criticism in the truest sense.

41. Mr. Robert Waters has not added to the mass of not-so-very-valuable books, but to the small tablefull of books that were really wanted–that there is a place for–that are new, fresh and (like everything that Mr. Waters writes) delightful. "The Table Talks of John Selden is worth all the Ana of the Continent," said Hallam. But Hallam did not present us with an edition of "Selden." There is more weighty bullion sense in Selden's table talk than in the same number of pages of any uninspired writer," said Coleridge. But Coleridge did not present us with an edition of Selden. Mr. Waters is more generous and lets us share in this wonderful Selden, which wonderfully resembles Montague in pretty quaintness and unique common sense. Mr. Waters runs in comments here and there which are quite as pithy and quite as commonsense! We notice that he says on page 215, that Shakespeare was a close student of the Bible. In this he quite disagrees with Appleton Morgan who remarks, (preface to 4th edition Warwickshire Dialect, page 446,) that Shakespeare practically ignored the English Bible getting his scriptural allusions mostly out of the Miracle Plays, (Dr. Morgan's demonstration of this is rather curious reading!) and yet, while saying this, Mr. Waters remarks that Selden also ignored the Bible–never mentions it anywhere! Mr. Waters is to be congratulated on having found an unoccupied niche in the which non dii non homines non columnae have preceeded him!

43. The pages of Shakespeareana, our predecessor, bear witness to how often we have said that Mr. EdwardHarrigan and Mr. Tony Hart, were, however unconsciously, following Great Shakespeare himself in holding the mirror up to nature, when they produced in a series of dramas held even yet in loving memory, called The Mulligan Plays. "Hang up the Title, our scene is Rhodes," cries *Prologue* in "The Span-

ish Tragedy. "Run in a chair and throw a rug over it." That is a throne room: Trundle in a bedstead and set a traveling box (called then as now a "trunk") that is Imogen's chamber. Steps to the other end of the stage. You are in Athens now. And yet with this clumsy mise en scene the literature we reverently worship was spouted by men in blouses and statute caps and boys in fustian pretending to be girls or fine ladies, or even in As You Like It, (as you like it indeed!) a boy who was pretending to be a girl pretending to be a boy!

But, seriously, how do we happen to possess the text of Shakespeare's plays? Seriously. It was because they drew! Because they drew they were printed in stolen and surrepititious broadsides, (we call them Quartos and pay $5,000 a piece for them now) and hawked about London streets. That is where the fiirst folio came from—from these quartos—and the first folio is where we get whatever we have to-day. But why think you gentle reader, did these plays draw! There was no million in London who pined to hear Ulysses's, pessamistic philosophy or Hamlet's madness, or Romeo's woes, or Lear's ravings! But there were enough play-goers in London to pay a testern to roar at the irregular humorists—at Pistol, Nym and Bardolph; to enjoy Falstaff, and Elbow, and Barnadine and Dogberry and poor old Verges and the two grave diggers (who then as lately and often yet removed a long succession of blouses and jerkins before they began to dig Ophelia's grave straight.)

It was in photographing men and women as he saw them that Shakespeare was really practically perpetuating himself to us, and to our worship in the Twentieth Century, and who can doubt but that the manifold phases of life and character which Mr. Harrigan and Mr. Hart photographed for us in the eighteen hundred and eighties, will yet come back, perhaps in three centuries, to make the names of the photographers aere perennis! We who looked at these old Harrigan and Hart plays are disappointed in the book which makes a novel of them. We would rather have the plays themselves. We hope, too, that another New Yorker, the late Mr. Hoyt, who gave us such absolutely perfect types of a disappearing civilization in "The Midnight Bell," "A Temperance Town," and "A Black Sheep," will be embalmed in library as well as in stage literature before our generation passe th away, and if the book before us "The ulligans," had chapter headings of those absolutely unique melodies which added so para-

mount a feature to the Harrigan & Hart melodrama—disappointment therein would have been much assuaged.

48–49. It is hard to decide which to admire most, the equally crisp dialogue of Mr. Rostand or of Mr. Pinero. The one being the story of Romeo and Juliet into modern France, and carrying out the ennui of the reconciled Montagues and Capulets with no vendetta on their hands, or the other, making actors and actresses libel themselves, with a certain sad sincerity! Mr. Russell has won the thanks of everybody by giving us these classics of the modern stage, which some day will be studied as literature as we study Shakespeare now. His publications will always be most welcome at this Table.

IN LESSER VEIN.

Readers of Dickens will remember that Nicholas Nickleby, while a member of Mr. Vincent Crummle's Company (then playing the provinces) accompanied Miss Snevillici, leading lady, to solicit the patronage of the best people of Portsmouth, for that artist's benefit. Among these was a certain Mr. Cundle who had written a pamphlet in sixty-four pages post octavo on the character of Juliet's Nurse's deceased husband. By the researches of the late Mr. Irving Browne, a distinguished member of the New York Shakespeare Society this valuable work was discovered—and, some years before his lamented death, Mr. Browne published it in his volume "Iconoclasts and Whitewash" from which we are permitted to extract it as follows: "The passage from Romeo and Juliet in relation to the nurse's deceased husband, is too broad, as well as too long, for quotation here. The reader will not find it in the judicious Mr. Bowdler's Family Shakespeare. The gist of it is that Nurse has been gabbling away about Juliet and her charge and tells how when she was an infant she fell down and bumped her forehead:

"And then my husband—God be with his soul!
'A was a merry man—took up the child,"

with a rather indelicate jest, to which the precocious Juliet responded "Ay."

The first query that naturally arises in an examination of these passages is, whether the nurse's deceased husband really was a merry man in his lifetime, or whether it was his widow's affectionate partiality that induced her so to report him. All will agree that there is nothing in his language as reported that evinces any wit or a merry disposition. Consequently, the widow must have referred to some general trait which really, or in her imagination, characterized him. I am not aware that the husbands of nurses, as a class, are more merry than other men. Nor am I aware that widowed nurses are more apt than

other widows to attribute merriment to their deceased spouses. We must look then for idiosyncracies really existing in the husband's character, or supplied by the wife's imagination. Now can anything be found in the context to indicate that the deceased had any especial cause for merriment? I think so. The context shows that during his life his wife was engaged in the occupation of a nurse. It also depicts the husband as sitting and watching the infant Juliet in her gambols. I infer for reasons hereafter adduced, that this married pair had no children at the time in question. These things being so, the husband was not an active contributor to the support of himself and his wife, but the latter supported both. Surely this was a situation well calculated to afford merriment to the husband. It would certainly be so regarded by most of modern husbands; for although there is in the masculine a theoretical abhorrence of the wife's earning the family subsistance, yet it seldom assumes a practical form.

Starting with this foundation, we next infer that the husband's merry disposition was actual rather than ideal, for the reason that wives who support their husbands are not apt to invest them with any merely imaginary virtues.

It has been conjectured by some that nurses intended by the words "a merry man" to indicate his occupation, and to say that he was a professional buffoon or Zany. This is a conjecture not to be despised. The profession of a merry-andrew was a common and popular one in the time of the drama, as well as in the dramatist's own day, and it is quite consistent that one whose wife was a professional nurse should himself be a clown or pantaloon. This hypothesis is fortified by the fact that at Verona, where the scene is laid, are the celebrated remains of a Roman ampitheatre, and it is fair to presume that opportunity, as well as tradition, would inspire in the inhabitants a foundness for theatrical amusements, and that actors and pantomimists should be in demand there. The only thing that contravenes this idea is, in fact, already apparent, that Mr. Nurse was supported by his wife, and thus was in no need of making merry professionally. And yet the personage in question may have been a jester, attached to the family of Capulet. whose wealth and standing were such as to justify this inference.

The conjecture that Nurse intended by the parenthetical remark in question, to announce her husband's family—''a was a Merriman'—is not to be tolerated, and is only cited here to show how much difficulty commentators have found in this passage.

So, too, the conjectural reader ' 'a was an American,' is insupportable. The reading was devised by some of my countrymen, who, in venting their spite against our transatlantic cousin, would make Shakespeare guilty of gross anchorism. That God's mercy should be invoked for one because he is an American is an exhibition of British spite with which I have no sympathy. But the short answer is, that America had not been discovered at the time this scene was laid, and but little was known of it even in the dramatist's day.

The conjectural emendation. ' 'a was a married man,' has more extrinsic evidence to support it, but still I cannot give it my adhesion. It is claimed by those who suggest it, that Nurse made the observation as explanatory of the husband's conduct toward Juliet; that because he was a married man, he 'took up the child,' an action undoubtedly more natural to the married than to the single. Some satirist of the married state has suggested that with this reading Nurse's exclamation, 'God be with his soul!' is more pertinent. This is a sneer at marriage which Shakespeare was not apt to make, and which I cannot approve.

Another conjecture suggested to explain this obscure passage is that the phrase was 'mariner' or' marryner,' as it would have been spelled in the dramatists day. In this view, it is claimed, the prayer 'God be with his soul!' is explicable on the hypothesis that the husband had been lost at sea. Again, say the proponents of this theory, the 'jest' seems in Nurse's estimation, not to be in anything uttered by the husband, but in Juliet's response 'Ay.'

"I cannot choose but laugh,
To think it should leave crying and say—'Ay,'

Now, say they, 'Ay,' or 'ay, ay, sir,' is peculiarly a sea phrase, and when uttered by an unknowing child to a marriner, would of course have been laughable, but not so on any other hypothesis. This is not absurd, but it seems necessary; for as I have before indicated, the ordinary reading is defensible, and there is therefore no need of refining upon it.

Assuming, then, that the Nurse's husband was really 'a merry man,' let us inquire as to some of his other characteristics. We infer that the organ of philoprogenitiveness was largely developed on his cranium. The act of rescuing the little child was a most kindly one. Who but Shakespeare could have drawn such a picture? I infer from

this and other passages that our dramatist himself was fond of children. The play does not disclose whether the nurse's husband was also a father at the time of the events dramatized. I suspect he was not. Although not conclusive, yet the fact that his wife was a nurse in the family of another is presumptive evidence that they themselves had no family. It appears that they had lost a child, and I judge it to have been their only one. If they had had any children of their own at this time, the garrulous mother would have been pretty certain ro refer to them, as well as to the lost one. This, I admit, is not conclusive, for women nowadays are much more apt to talk of dress and other vanities than of their children, and speak as little of their dead children as of last year's fashions. But there is one thing that leads me to be almost certain that this gentlemen then had no children. If he had then been a father, he would not have been so moved by Juliet's misfortune, and so swift to rescue her, because such accidents are common among children, and their frequency hardens parents to their effects. They let children pick themselves up, and then scold them for spoiling their clothes. But when the children and clothes belong to others, and thus the accident causes the custodians no expense or trouble, they give their sympathies play. If this had been his own child, with all his love of children, Mr. Nurse would not have been so merry. He would have regarded the stumble as a fault to be tolerated in other people's imperfect children, but not in his own immaculate offspring. In short by a little analysis, we are able always to construct reliable biographies for all or any of Shakespeare's characters, even the most minor of them quite as satisfactory and edifying as the essay by Mrs. Clark on the Girlhood of Shakespeare's Heroines or the Rev. Cream Cheese's sermon on the Maidenhood of Lot's wife.

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